OUR BUSINESS OUTLOOK WITH CUBA—SENATOR THURSTON

NEW YORK JUNE 22 1901

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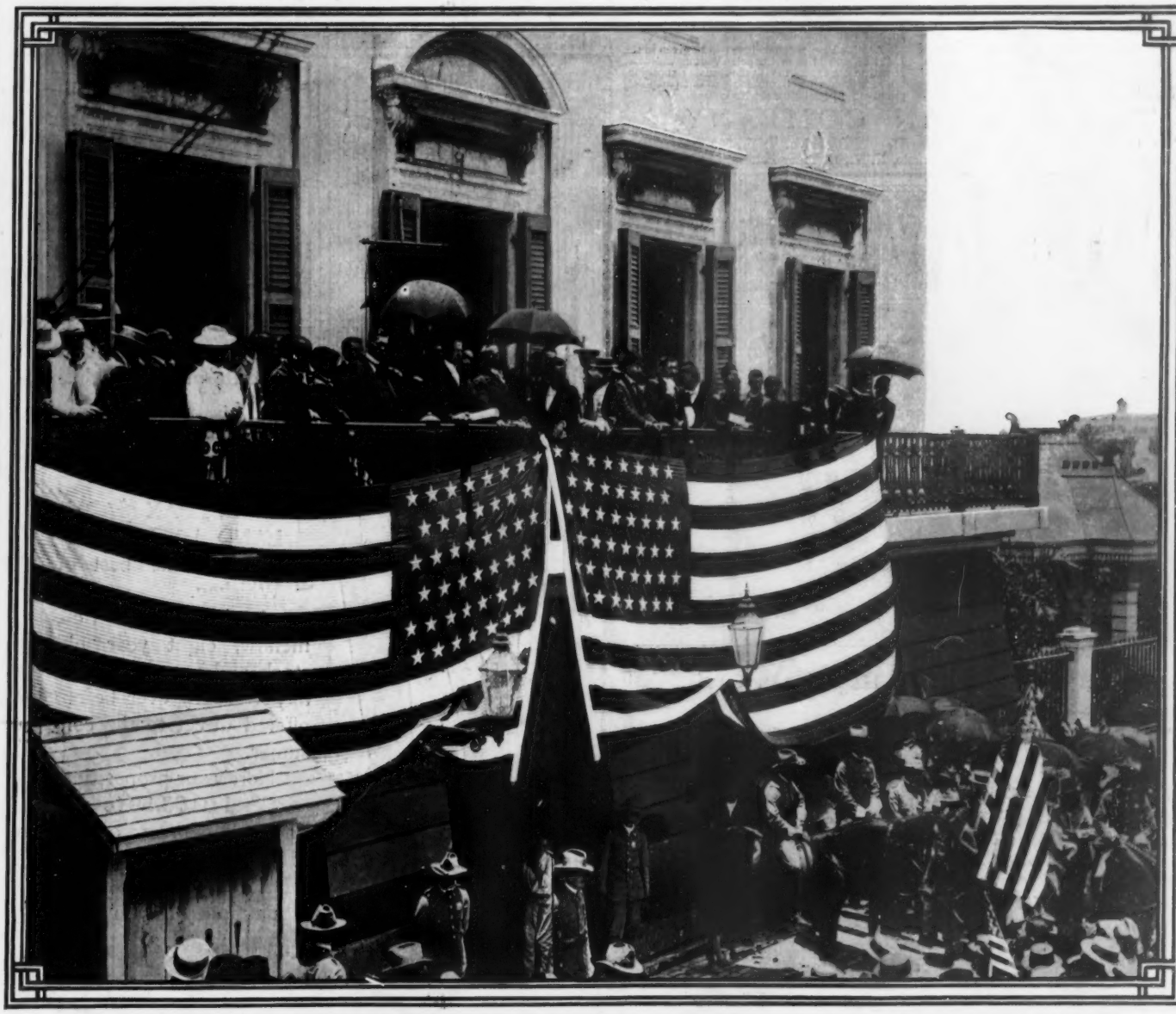
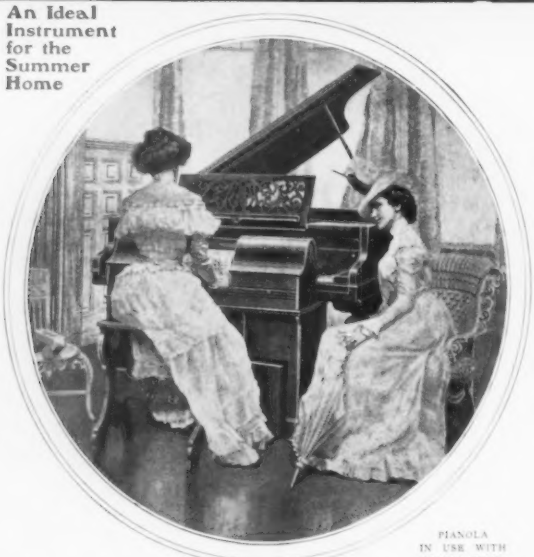


THE RETURN OF GOVERNOR ALLEN TO PORTO RICO

THE AMERICAN GOVERNOR, IN COMPANY WITH THE MAYOR AND SURROUNDED BY THE DIGNITARIES OF THE CAPITAL, MAKING HIS ADDRESS TO THE CITIZENS OF SAN JUAN ON THE OCCASION OF HIS RETURN TO PORTO RICO, TO CONTINUE IN OFFICE UNTIL THE STATUS OF THE LITTLE ISLAND COLONY IS FINALLY DECIDED UPON BY THE CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES

(SEE PAGES 6 AND 7)

An Ideal Instrument for the Summer Home



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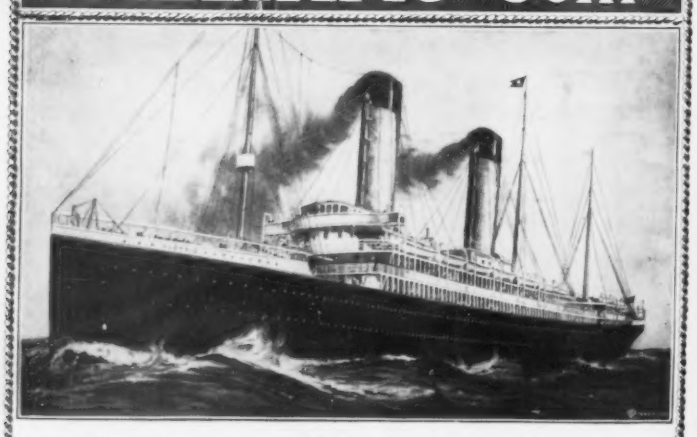

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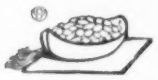
The WEEK

MR. CARNEGIE'S GIFT, AS ITS TERMS WERE originally outlined in the newspapers, was received with the most characteristic Scotch reserve. The cartoon representing a gillie biting a sixpence and asking, "Is it guid?" exactly portrayed the state of mind of the Scotch public in the presence of a munificence that would have shaken the stolidity of any other nation. Was it guid, they asked, to attack the ancient traditions of Scottish education, the hard living and hard thinking that have made the Scotch university men the terror of weak and pleasure-loving opponents in the battles of life? Was it guid to "pauperize" education? Was it guid merely to increase the number of students without improving their opportunities for earning a livelihood during their stay, and without adding to the actual income of the institutions, which is now too small to fully engage in scientific investigation and research? Mr. Carnegie has delivered his answer. The universities are not to be pauperized. Half the income from $10,000,000 in Steel Trust five per cent bonds is to be devoted to "increasing the facilities for the study of science, medicine, modern languages, history and English literature." The other half is to pay fees and "assist students in other ways, regardless of sex," and in aid of preparatory schools, evening classes and other means of education outside the universities. So the saxpence is guid and the announcement of the terms of the deed has been greeted with enthusiasm which, though belated, must warm the heart of the giver. We cannot imagine more liberal terms or terms more carefully calculated to satisfy the best needs of education. Perhaps some of us might wish that Mr. Carnegie's $10,000,000 had been directed toward increasing the efficiency of American universities. But their time may come, and, at all events, the advancement of education anywhere is a world-wide blessing. The millions will remain in Scotland, but their influence will be felt in this country. Besides, there is good reason to believe that the "McMillionnaire" has only just begun his benefactions to the country in which he accumulated his fortune. As we write, we hear that he has promised over $2,000,000 to the Cooper Institute in New York City, and that the gift is to be made in such a way as not to diminish the fame of the founder. There is no quarrelling with such munificence. It silences opposition and criticism.



THE PASSAGE OF THE ANTI-CANTEEN LAW LAST year was a great surprise to the public and a disagreeable one to most of the officers of the army. They predicted that it would lead to excessive drinking by soldiers in the towns near the army posts, to lawlessness and to frequent desertions. Apparently, their predictions have been swiftly verified. The enlisted men have resorted to the barrooms of nearby towns for their drink, and, once escaped from the surveillance of their officers, they have drunk too much, as the officers said they would, and there have been disgraceful outbreaks of lawlessness, notably at Fort Snelling, in Minnesota, and at Fort Sheridan, near Chicago. Mr. Root, the Secretary of War, who joined with military experts in objecting to the enactment of the law, is collecting evidence of the effect of the abolition of the canteens, with the purpose of recommending a repeal. Senator Hawley of Connecticut, one of the old soldiers in the Senate, who opposed the passage of the law, expects it will be repealed early in the session. This is the hope of Mr. Root and nearly all army officers who have spoken on the subject. Of course, it will be opposed by the Prohibitionists on the ground that the canteen system makes the government a partner in the liquor business. But the public will hardly accept their point of view as its own in the face of almost overwhelming evidence of the real value of the canteen as a promoter of temperance. The public, excluding Prohibitionists and intolerant temperance people, want to do what is good for the soldier. He would be a better man and a better soldier if he didn't drink at all, but this counsel of perfection is of no weight against the fact that he does drink and that if he can't get his beer in a canteen under the eye of his officer he will get it elsewhere. That elsewhere is too often a barroom in the slums, where he is drugged and robbed or sent back to barracks an alcoholic wreck.

THE NEW DIPLOMACY IN MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S hands was not a dazzling success, but now that it has been taken up by persons whose mature lexicons know no such word as fail, it may have better luck. The representatives of the New York Chamber of Commerce who went over to take dinner with members of the London Chamber have been hailed by British merchants (and have hailed themselves) as ambassadors. They seem quite sure that their visit "marks an epoch" and "binds the two great English-speaking peoples in indissoluble bonds." One of them, after leaving Windsor Castle, where they were amiably received by the King and Queen, declared that the visit had "the greatest significance." Mr. Jesup, the president, speaking under the genial witchery of a City banquet, said that Great Britain and the United States henceforth would "march on, shoulder to shoulder, heart beating to heart," and would carry to the ends of the earth "the blessings of civil and religious liberty." This, from the proprietors of the Philippines to the conquerors of South Africa, was amiable, to say the least. Mr. Andrew Carnegie jocularly added the suggestion that future disputes should be referred to the Chamber of Commerce for adjustment. It was a little disappointing to read after the dinner—the morning after—that Mr. Jesup said: "Your kindness has captivated our hearts. We are not worthy of it." An ambassador of the United States not worthy of a dinner in Grocers' Hall and a reception by the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of London! But this statement was received with loud cries of "No," "in which," the report says, "some of the Americans joined." What can the "Times," which regards all things as serious, mean by suggesting that the delegates have taken their mission too seriously? Is it possible that these were only ordinary manifestations of British hospitality and that the dinner was of no more importance than other dinners, like the one recently given by the English merchants of Dover to the French merchants of Calais, at which Mr. Wyndham made a speech in French? Did any of the noblemen or gentlemen or merchants at the London dinner speak in American? If not, perhaps it will be necessary to retain the services of Mr. Choate and General Porter and to continue to confide our international relations to the old diplomacy which is coldly polite and sweetly distrustful and will praise the beef without tasting it.

IT WOULD BE CONTRARY TO ALL PRECEDENT IF the movement for the betterment of the government of New York City did not begin to encounter difficulties about this time. A reform movement is caressed only when it is harmless; when it begins to really endanger the intrenchments of the Powers that Prey, as Josiah Flynt calls them, it is assailed from within and without, and all the fortitude of its leaders is required to prevent disintegration. The Committee of Fifteen and Justice Jerome are coming in for a good deal of criticism from those who like their reform sugar-coated. "Gambling can't be stopped," says a prominent citizen who has been mentioned as a candidate for Mayor. Mr. Jerome's reply is, that the purpose of his raids is not to harass petty criminals or reform the nature of man or even to close poolrooms and policy shops. He is chopping at the superstructure of gambling only for the purpose of getting at the foundation, which is protection of crime by the police department. Any one who has studied municipal conditions in this country knows that the toleration of illegal practices by the police is the greatest lever in the hands of corrupt politicians. It gives them command over an army held together by self-interest and supplies them with funds to perpetuate themselves in office. But Justice Jerome will be criticised and denounced, and "the fifteen" will be attacked with greater and greater bitterness as time passes. The reformer's life is not a happy one, and one sometimes wonders at the courage that carries men through these frequent, often hopeless, struggles against municipal misrule.

THE ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF WAR THE OTHER day told an audience at the Naval Academy that "it is of vital moment that every other power shall be impressed with a wholesome dread of having the United States for an enemy." The sentiment was heartily cheered by the assembled naval officers and we suppose it was not out of place in the surroundings. Still, it may be reasonable to suggest to our eloquent public men that too much insistence on our superiority may have its inconveniences. They love to renew their mighty youth in the red glare of battle, but they are liable to overdo it. There is such a thing as an "unwholesome dread," and sometimes it is more dangerous to its object than indifference. The nations of Continental Europe are already irritated and bewildered by the amazing forward march of American industries, following so rapidly on the successes of the Spanish war. They hardly know which way to turn to escape an invasion which threatens their commercial prosperity. They are beginning to talk of the American peril with much greater reason than their prophets of evil had in discussing the Yellow Peril. In their bewilderment, they are advocating Zollvereins and other impossible devices to resist the encroachments of our tariff-protected manufacturers. It may be dangerous to provoke them with taunts on their weakness. Strong enough, but not too strong, is a good rule for our people. Nobody doubts that we must go on preparing for the disagreeable but unceasingly present possibility of war as a consequence of victory in industrial fields. But as a good-natured people we do not wish to wound the sensibilities of our rivals and customers; as a prudent people we should fear to do so; and, as a successful nation, we have no need to boast of our achievements. The news of the world does that for us. By all means, let us prepare for war, but also let us make some sacrifices for peace. It is a good deal easier and better to conquer Europe with structural steel than with the other kind, and it is also more profitable.

IT IS NOT ENCOURAGING FOR US, AS A BENEVOlent people, to contemplate the present attitude of the Cubans. To say the least, they are surly and discontented, and they have shown their feelings not alone by savage articles in their newspapers, but by electing as Mayor of Havana a politician of active anti-American sentiments. Mr. McKinley, on his return from the West, dispelled any doubt that might have existed as to the stand he would take in the presence of a very palpable disposition on the part of some of the Cuban leaders to regard this government as a negligible quantity in the organization of the Cuban Government. He warned the Cubans, in effect, that Cuba will be permitted to enjoy self-government only on such terms as will protect all the rights of the United States and their citizens. It is understood that the warning has been given in language stiff enough to convince even the most ingenious of the politicians at Havana. The news has not been well received in Cuba, where they talk of the "confidential assurances" that were given by members of Mr. McKinley's Cabinet to the Commissioners, but the President's position appears to satisfy Americans. No sensible man, no matter what he may have thought of the acts that led up to the Spanish war, can advocate a policy that would make Cuban independence a menace to the peace of this country. Cuba must recognize her obligations. They are not very onerous, but they are not to be thrown off on impulse. We do not seek gratitude; for when was a nation ever grateful? But we do ask a little common civility.

MR. BALDWIN HAS STARTED FOR THE NORTH Pole, and no one would be agitated, or perhaps even surprised, if he found it. Arctic exploration has lost most of its romantic flavor since Dr. Kane's day. It fails to appeal to the imagination of a generation that has seen Thibet invaded, a railway laid across Siberia, another one projected down the length of Africa, the sacred city of Pekin looted by European soldiers, and generals from Kansas charging through the paddy fields of the Philippines. The Arctic explorers have been creeping up and creeping up until the Farthest North is now very near the Farthest Possible North, and only good luck and favoring currents would be needed to carry the explorers to the long-sought goal. Modern Arctic explorers have reduced the dangers of the business to a point where it is hardly more perilous than mountain-climbing and not quite so perilous as football. The adventurous spirits who once enlisted and paid for the privilege are heard of no longer. Mr. Baldwin goes out in a most business-like way, having provided himself with abundant protection against cold and hunger, and we may be quite sure that if he does not go as far as the Pole, he will reach a latitude respectably small. He is a quiet, earnest man of middle age, who has written a book on Arctic exploration. A baking-powder manufacturer of Brooklyn has provided the funds for his enterprise.

THE FOUNTAIN OF ABUNDANCE

INVASION OF "ALT NÜRNBERG"

THE STADIUM, "THE OPEN-AIR CIRCUS," WHERE OUTDOOR GAMES ARE HELD

THE FIRST DAYS OF THE BUFFALO PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION

(SEE PAGE 20)

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OUR BUSINESS OUTLOOK WITH CUBA

By SENATOR JOHN M. THURSTON OF NEBRASKA

SENATOR THURSTON

WHAT IS THE commercial future of Cuba? One might as well inquire, What is the future of Cuba? For there can be no real development of Cuban government except through Cuban commercial success.

Cuba is an island lying almost within the tropics, and as such her resources are limited to the production of sugar, tobacco, fruit, and, possibly, coffee. She has considerable forests of valuable timber and some mineral deposits, but her chief resources are those already named.

Cuba's commercial importance is, therefore, measured by her opportunity to dispose of her principal products, sugar and tobacco. For both of these, her natural market is the United States, and yet as to both of them she comes into direct competition with the sugar and tobacco producers of the United States. Especially is this true as regards sugar. While our cultivation of sugar-cane is limited mostly to Louisiana and to a small area adjacent to the Gulf of Mexico, our modern experiment in beet sugar production demonstrates the fact that a large portion of the agricultural area of the United States is adapted to the growth of sugar beets and the profitable production of beet sugar.

The success of tobacco culture, also, in Connecticut, Pennsylvania and other States, demonstrates the possibility of an American tobacco production at least equal to the American demand. Cuba is, therefore, dependent either upon a foreign market for her sugar and tobacco or upon an opportunity to compete fairly with the producers of these two great staples in the United States.

EVERYTHING IN FAVOR OF CUBA

The American people took up the problem of Cuban independence without the slightest consideration, at the time, of the commercial and industrial effects upon our own people of Cuban independence or annexation. It can truthfully be said, that the United States had nothing to gain, financially or commercially, from the redemption of Cuba from Spanish dominion and oppression. History will acquit us of any selfish motive in our intervention in Cuban affairs. The Cuban people had, and will always have, more to gain from modified commercial relations than the people of the United States. And Cuba's dependence upon the American market is vastly greater than any advantage that could come to the United States through our trade relations with the island. This situation is one that ought to be thoroughly understood by the Cuban people, but unfortunately it is not. Every advantage growing out of a closer relation between Cuba and the United States is in favor of Cuba; and, if the island is eventually to become a part of the United States by annexation, it will be for the advantage of the Cuban people rather than for the benefit of the people of the United States. It is unfortunate that the people of Cuba cannot comprehend the true situation, and the misfortune in the island is that of ignorance.

CUBANS NOT FITTED FOR SELF-GOVERNMENT

The Cubans are not fitted for self-government, and, as a whole, they have no conception of the higher American sentiment that induced us to wage war against Spain for Cuban deliverance. Cuba has a population not greatly exceeding one million. Possibly two hundred thousand of her people are so far educated and civilized as to understand intelligently the position of the United States, but the great majority are ignorant and utterly incapable of appreciating the humane sentiment that finally compelled this great republic to espouse the cause of the suffering and oppressed people of a neighboring island. It should not be forgotten that so far the entire sacrifice has been made by the United States.

The declaration of war against Spain was the beginning of a new era in human affairs. For the first time a great free people acknowledged their responsibility as a nation for the welfare and happiness of a helpless neighbor; and for the first time the world looked on in wonder and amazement while we gave of our blood and of our treasure unselfishly and patriotically that a dependent people, unjustly oppressed, might be given an opportunity to enjoy liberty and freedom for themselves.

And I repeat, that so far all the sacrifice has been on the part of the United States. We have given of our best blood, we have given of our treasure to help the Cubans; we have destroyed the Spanish power on this continent; we have opened up the way for Cuban self-government, and all this without selfish motive or purpose.

UNITED STATES HAVE NOTHING TO GAIN

What have the United States to gain from annexation or even the establishment of a protectorate over Cuba? There is not a product of the island which can come to us to our greater financial advantage than it came under the Spanish rule. The markets of Cuba for American products, viewed from a worldwide standpoint, are insignificant; and if modified tariff or free trade conditions are to come about, all the advantage is in favor of the island and against the United States.

Every thoughtful student of our political, industrial, economical, and trade conditions must agree that it is greatly to the benefit of the United States to hold Cuba at arms-length, as an independent government, and to enforce against her all the tariff restrictions that we enforce against the other nations of the world. And, therefore, every concession we make of any kind is a gift and a favor to the Cubans.

If the people of the island were educated up to the standard of the higher civilization of the twentieth century they would readily understand this, and no possible difficulty or misunderstanding could arise; but they have lived under the iron rule of Spain. For the most part, they only comprehend government as tyranny; and, unfortunately, they look upon the friendly offices of the United States, put forward for the purpose of assisting them in the establishment of a stable and successful government, as the selfish usurpation of another dominant power, governing by might without right.

I am still of the belief that the American Congress took the only true position when it declared that our war upon Spain was not for dominion nor for the subjugation of the Cuban people, but for the purpose of enabling them to throw off the yoke of a foreign power and establish a government of and for their own people. It is unfortunate, of course, that the Cubans are not, as a whole, fitted for self-government, but that is one of the conditions that almost inevitably confronts every effort to establish popular government. People held in subjection are not apt to develop a capacity for successful self-rule. The problem of independence must be wrought out in every land by experiment, and the Cubans are face to face with the experiment now.

PLEDGES ALONE PREVENTED ANNEXATION OF CUBA

We might have declared war against Spain without any declaration of our purposes as to Cuba. We were under no obligations to the revolutionists in that island to declare our future purposes. We made war on Spain because of her barbarous cruelties and tyrannies in an island so near to the United States as to be properly under our neighborly supervision. Except for our prior guarantee of Cuban independence, at the close of the war we would have taken Cuba from Spain in the same manner that we took Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands, and Cuba would have become a part of the United States, with or without the will of her people. Cuban independence, therefore, will come to the Cubans as the free gift of a great, liberty-loving people, purchased at our expense, paid for with the blood of our soldiers and with the gold of our people. The Cubans ought to recognize that they are dealing with generous friends whose sole purpose is to establish them in a government that can stand the test of time. We are their sponsors before the world. Under the Monroe Doctrine and our treaty with Spain, we stand between them and all other nations, to protect them in the enjoyment of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness under a constitutional government adequate for the purpose.

We are therefore justified in insisting upon every condition that will enable us, as the savior of Cuba, to stand as her sponsor before the world, upon every condition that will give us the right to defend her against the encroachment of all other powers, and enable us so far to direct her civil administration that the liberty which we secured for her people by the arbitrament of arms shall not fail through local conditions and incompetent administration.

WRONG MEN IN THE ISLAND'S CONVENTION

The Constitutional Convention of Cuba, so-called, seems to be unfortunate in its composition. It is largely dominated by the representatives of the ignorant masses of the population. The conservative element of the island seems to be favorable to the wishes and purposes of the United States. They appear to understand our responsibility and the unselfishness of our purposes; but Cuba's danger arises largely from the character of those men who were brought to the front through rebellion and revolution against Spanish domination. These men now seem to assume that they secured the independence of the island; whereas, in truth and fact, when the United States intervened they were really driven from the field and were only able to maintain themselves in the fastnesses of the mountains, from which they emerged at irregular intervals to carry on guerilla warfare. Their ambition now seems to be to secure for themselves the government of the Cuban Republic, regardless of the best interests of the people.

Much of the present danger has been met and mastered by the statesmanship of our present Administration. The President of the United States has set an example in our relations with Cuba that is winning for us not only the wonder but the admiration of the civilized world. He is making it clear to the people of the island that our Congressional declaration in favor of Cuban independence is to be enforced, and that they are to be established in a government of their own with the assistance of the United States and backed by the protecting power of our Republic against any outside interference.

PLATT AMENDMENT MUST BE ACCEPTED

The Constitutional Convention ought to accept, without hesitation, delay or evasion, the Platt amendment, unconditional compliance with which will at once make Cuba a nation, establish her as such under the protectorate of this country, and enable her people, in their own way, safeguarded by this Republic, to work out the problem of their own industrial and commercial progress. The Cubans ought to understand that the condition of their independence is their absolute acceptance of the Platt resolution, embodying, as it does, the settled judgment of Congress as to the duties and responsibilities of the United States. It is necessary for Cuban independence and success that her Constitutional Convention should acquiesce in the demands of this country.

Cuba has great agricultural resources, but she has not yet tested her powers and abilities as an independent nation. As such, she will come into competition with all the world. To succeed, she must encourage outside investment and she must turn to the capital of the United States for the development of her great resources. The capital of the United States can only become interested in Cuba through the absolute assurance of safety and protection under the Cuban administration of her own affairs. As a protégé of this country, Cuba will not appeal to other nations as a field for investment. Almost all her important trade relations must necessarily be with the United States. Her products must find their market, for the most part, in the United States. Europe is supplied from other sources with sugar, tobacco, coffee and fruits. Cuba must sell to the people of this country.

AMERICAN CAPITAL MUST BE SAFEGUARDED

One great danger to the new republic, and one that must not be overlooked by the Cubans or the Americans, is the claim that will be made by foreign holders of Spanish bonds, that Cuba is justly liable for that part of the Spanish debt incurred for Cuban purposes. It is necessary that the United States, which have relieved Cuba from Spanish rule, should stand in a position to prevent any possible enforcement of this claim of the Spanish bondholders against the people of the island. There is danger that the Cuban Government, left to itself, represented by the Cuban Congress elected by the more ignorant people of the island, could be induced at some time, or in some manner, to acknowledge the obligation of this debt. Such action would be the virtual confiscation of every American investment in the island, for it would place an obligation upon the people relatively as great as was the burden of Spain's tyrannical rule. If Cuba is to be opened up as a great field of American investment, this safeguard must be enforced by the United States.

ANNEXATION THE WISH OF THE BEST CUBANS

There is no doubt that annexation is the real wish of the best and most intelligent people of Cuba. There seems to be no doubt that almost all the business interests of the island wish their country to become a part of the United States. Undoubtedly to-day a large proportion of the population of the island are opposed to annexation. They are opposed because of an absolute misunderstanding of the situation and of the effect of annexation upon Cuban interests.

As outlined in the beginning of this article, the future prosperity of Cuba must almost, if not quite wholly, be dependent upon the trade and commercial attitude of the United States. Cuba as a part of this country, with tariff restrictions removed, would become one of the richest portions of the globe. Her products, finding their market in this country, would yield almost fabulous returns to the cultivators of her soil. Her only danger industrially, commercially and financially is in the maintenance of restrictive tariff relations on the part of the people of this country. So long as Cuba remains an independent government, the producers of the United States cannot afford to treat her materially different from what we do other competing people, and it will undoubtedly be necessary to maintain substantially the same tariff against her products that we do against similar products coming to us from other shores.

UNITED STATES WILL ABSORB CUBA—AND OTHER PARTS OF THE WORLD

But our country is large enough to absorb, without permanent derangement of our own agricultural and industrial affairs, the island of Cuba, the island of Porto Rico, the Hawaiian Islands, and the Philippine Islands; yes, and other portions of the globe that can fairly be brought within the domain of our sovereignty. And the people of this country could afford, in the long run, to take Cuba into the Union, to give her free trade, to absorb her products without restrictions, and every student of events is coming to understand that Cuba, for her own sake, for her own abiding prosperity, for the real enlightenment and civilization of her people, is to become a part of the United States.

In this forecast of the future it is most fortunate that the Congress of the United States declared in favor of Cuban independence. That declaration enabled us to wage a war against Spain upon so high a plane that the world was compelled to give its assent to the justice of our position. It enabled us to lift the burden of tyranny and oppression from the people of Cuba without suspicion that our motives were mercenary or other than pure, disinterested and noble.

That declaration to-day gives us the power to impose upon the Cuban people those necessary conditions for their own successful organization as an independent government, without leaving us subject to suspicion as to our future purposes. It enables us to say that we are exercising our powers for the welfare of the Cubans and not for our own commercial and selfish advantage. And that declaration leaves Cuba, in the years to come, absolutely free to learn the lesson of her dependence upon the markets of the United States, and to understand that her one hope, her one destiny, is to become a part of this great Republic, this new world power that in the twentieth century is to lead and master and dominate the policy of the world.

LANDING OF GOVERNOR ALLEN AT SAN JUAN, MAY 23

HAGER BROS., PHOTOGRAPHERS, SAN JUAN, P. R.

THE CROWD (VIEWED FROM THE SPEAKER'S VERANDA) IN FRONT OF THE PALACE AT SAN JUAN LISTENING TO THE GOVERNOR'S ADDRESS

THE RETURN OF GOVERNOR ALLEN TO PORTO RICO

A NEW YORKER IN PORTO RICO

By FREDERIC F. CULVER

PORTO RICO, although it has been American soil for nearly three years, is still a strange and new land to the American traveller. He finds that he has to readjust all the fragmentary information he has picked up and the impressions he has formed about the island, and is forced to do this from the moment his steamer swings around the jutting promontory crowned by Morro fortress, and puts him ashore amid tropical and novel scenes. The country, and its exquisitely beautiful and varied landscapes, and the people, and their political and social conditions, do not seem to be those about which he has read. It is all fresh, and all quite different.

Such, at least, was my experience when I recently visited the island. I very soon discovered that my previously gathered information merely illumined the high points of the country, like a sun shining through fog, and that I should have to discover the real Porto Rico for myself.

I sailed out of New York Harbor in bitterly cold weather, with lowering skies and blustering gales, on the steamer *Caracas*. For five days we headed south, and at every throb of the engines and at every whirr of the propeller we seemed to be pressing out of fog and snow and winter toward clear skies and endless summer. The air grew warmer almost hourly, and the sky and ocean grew more and more blue as we swept into tropic waters; and yet San Juan came upon us as a surprise, a sort of spectacle and pageant, as we turned into the bay under the scowling but harmless old fort.

THE INEVITABLE BUT PICTURESQUE "MORRO"

The quaint and picturesque castellated fortification which stands futile guard over all harbor gates in Spanish lands, and which, of course, bears the inevitable name of "Morro" (a height or acropolis), is especially beautiful and striking at San Juan. It rises from out the blue Atlantic waters far ahead of the steamer, and towers higher and higher, until it looms over the very deck. You presently catch sight of a sweeping white line that looks like a wreath of flowers hung against the gray and green side of the cliff. In a short while you see that it is a military road, climbing in a gentle curve the steep acclivity of the fortress. Down close to the sea this road broadens into an esplanade which is used as a promenade where the inhabitants of San Juan give themselves to the sun and air.

The fortified hill is on the left as you enter the bay. On your right is a low island fringed with white sand and foam, and with clusters of the graceful and stately royal palm. This is the leper settlement—for in the West Indies, as well as in Hawaii and the Philippines, we have annexed leprosy to the United States. It represents one of the few efforts made by Spain to eradicate this horrible disease.

I was particularly impressed by the busy scene in the harbor, as the *Caracas* worked through the tortuous and difficult channels of the bay. Small craft flitted back and forth, while lighters and freight boats plied their soberer and more important traffic. The shores were crowded with people; but I soon learned that idleness and curiosity rather than business drew most of them to the sea-front.

PEACEFUL, INDOLENT, HAPPY SAN JUAN

The idea of a peaceful, somewhat indolent, but graceful and happy city, which I formed of San Juan from the steamer deck, proved afterward to be correct. The houses, residences and shops are crowded together along the slopes of the bluff. All are of pleasing architecture, and their soft tints of yellow, pink, blue and green are grateful to the eye. Gardens and palms are interspersed among the houses and lend variety to the prospect. The street scenes create at first a somewhat exaggerated notion of trade and enterprise. The streets are very narrow, and the many venders of fruit that throng them must not be mistaken for representatives of an overflowing commerce.

Although I had probably heard most about the climate of Porto Rico, it proved one of my most delightful discoveries. The soft sweet trade-wind tempers the sun to the northern visitor. It is never excessively hot in the island, though it is nearly always warm. The temperature rarely gets so high as 90 degrees, and the broiling 100 degrees of a New York summer is not known. On the other hand, the mild salt-saturated breeze that sweeps over the island after a sea-course of 4,000 miles gives the climate a delicious charm. But it takes from us something, also. I observed after a few days that the climate had a double and paradoxical effect on me. It rendered me insensible to fatigue, and yet destroyed my energy. It was sweet to do nothing. When I told my experience to men of other countries resident for years in Porto Rico they assured me this was the usual effect of the climate. It was delicious but enervating. Politics seems to be the only thing capable of arousing one's ambition.

PORTO RICO IS NOT A GARDEN

Porto Rico is often described as a garden, as if the small island—only 100 miles long by 36 wide and containing only 3,550 square miles—were fully occupied and trimly cultivated by its comparatively large population of nearly 1,000,000. I found the situation to be the reverse of this. Not more than one-fourth of the island is under cultivation, and about one-half of the land is used thriftlessly as pasturage for cattle. The cattle find a ready sale in Cuba, but the land can be put to far more profitable use. Porto Rico will never produce its own foodstuffs, but will have to import them more and more largely, as other densely populated countries. It does not pay to raise wheat or corn on land that will grow sugar-cane or coffee. It has been found by experience that one acre planted in sugar-cane, tobacco, coffee, or in fruits or vegetables for export, is equal in value to ten to forty acres planted in wheat or corn. The relative value is far greater when compared with mere pasture lands.

THE ENTIRE ISLAND CAN BE PROFITABLY CULTIVATED

The fact that three-fourths of the land is not utilized must not be taken as an indication that the soil is sterile. Nearly every inch of plain, valley or mountain throughout the island can be profitably cultivated. On a single farm, I saw sugar-cane and tobacco in the valley and plain land, while the hill slopes were devoted to the raising of coffee. Shading the coffee plants, which, while requiring tropical heat, must yet be sheltered from the direct and withering rays of the equatorial sun, are orange trees laden with fruit. For every foot of soil, therefore, there is a profitable crop.

I was astonished by the present and prospective agricultural resources of the island. Porto Rico produces a variety of articles now imported into the United States from other tropical countries to the value of a million dollars for every working day. One can fancy the tremendous prosperity it would mean to Porto Rico if this $300,000,000 worth of our tropical imports was brought from that island. Only two countries, Hawaii and Cuba, can compete with her in this field, and Cuba is indeed the only real menace to the development of Porto Rico.

As a matter of curiosity I figured out the value of dollars to the Porto Ricans of the right to ship their products duty free into the United States ports. As compared with their competitors in Bermuda, Jamaica, and other tropical lands, not allowed this privilege, it is tantamount to an additional profit of $50 an acre for sugar, $100 an acre for tobacco and winter vegetables, and $200 an acre for oranges and similar fruits. Such advantages cannot fail of being tremendously stimulating and will soon bring every acre of land under cultivation.

AMERICAN ADMINISTRATION NOT POPULAR

I have observed that an effort has been made in certain quarters to create the impression that Governor Allen's recent return to Porto Rico was the occasion of general rejoicing on the part of the people of the island. It has been made to appear as a sort of vindication and triumph of the colonial administration, but I regret to say it is not convincing to one who has been in Porto Rico and learned at first hand the real sentiments of its people.

To the most superficially observant visitor the present condition of the island must seem distressing. Great progress and great prosperity are there, but are in the germ. And it must be regretfully confessed that much of the present distress is due to American blundering and to the Anglo-Saxon's genius for disturbing other civilizations and orders for the purpose of replacing them eventually with his own. Porto Rico is not as prosperous to-day as it was under the rule of Spain. I believe this condition is only transient, and that it was, perhaps, in a large measure unavoidable, and that matters will soon change for the better.

THE GRINDING TAX MILL

I found the people of Porto Rico also thoroughly dissatisfied with, and bemuddled by, the so-called Hollander tax law. The natives generally regard it as one of the most unjust and inequitable laws promulgated by our government. I do not believe that it would be tolerated by an Anglo-Saxon people. Its purpose was benevolent, and it was devised to put an end to the notoriously unjust and pernicious Spanish system, but it has essentially bad features of its own. One of the worst is the confiscation of property, beyond appeal or redress, on a failure to pay taxes within six months after the levy of the assessment. The American method of ascertaining the taxable value of property was also annoying and was objected to as inquisitorial. While the assessors are almost always Porto Ricans, they are affiliated with political parties.

The sudden changes made in the currency system have also been prolific of confusion and disaster. It is generally thought in the island that the adoption of the convenient and stable American currency in place of the fluctuating and cumbersome monetary system of Spain will eventually prove beneficial, but the too prompt sweeping away of the old system brought ruin. The circulating medium of the island was, at one stroke, reduced from four dollars to two dollars per capita, and so much confusion ensued that it helped largely to create the present commercial depression. To the causes of depression I have already mentioned there should be added, of course, the steady decline in the value of coffee, the war between Spain and the United States, and, finally, the great cyclone, which, among its other ravages, completely swept away the credit system of advances, for generations the financial mainstay of the Porto Rican farmers.

THE OX-CART AS CHIEF COMMON CARRIER

I was very much astonished to find how exceedingly primitive are the means of transportation throughout the island. The mule and the slower ox are still the chief reliance of the native or the traveller. To see mule tramways and ox-carts as the principal means of locomotion in a dense population so near to the United States, the home of rapid transportation, was marvellous. There is a system of railways, but only on paper. It is called the French railway, and consists of scattered fragments of narrow-gauge lines, not connected, and leading nowhere. The ox is still the common carrier, and the slow cart transports freight at the remarkably low cost of ten cents a ton a mile. There are, of course, no navigable rivers, and the harbors and inlets are very shallow, and the charges for lightering, which average about five cents a hundred pounds, lay a heavy burden on all exports and imports. San Juan has the best harbor, and the only wharves to be found on the island. The large dock at that port was recently destroyed by fire.

Of roads, properly so called, I found but one in Porto Rico. That one is, of course, the splendid military highway constructed by the Spaniards, which runs from San Juan southwest to Ponce on the southern coast, a distance of eighty miles. All other roads are mere water ditches in the wet season, and in the dry season are narrow and rough ravines leading from the rural districts to the nearest market towns. The Spanish highway is so excellent, however, that it redeems many miles of bad road. It follows the contour of the land as if to beautify it and increase its charms, like the winding paths of a skilled landscape gardener. Every bridge, by its graceful and harmonious architecture, is really an artistic touch given to the natural scene. These bridges, by the way, are so substantial that they are difficult to destroy and as difficult to replace. One of them was recently undermined by a flood, and an American structure was substituted. The Spanish bridge had withstood the stress of weather and traffic and the biting teeth of the oft-flooded stream beneath it, but the American bridge collapsed with its own weight the day before it was to be thrown open to the public. When I was in Porto Rico the natives, with confidence in American engineering ability rudely shaken by the catastrophe, were fording the river, ignoring the new bridge that had again been reared over the stream.

A MIXED AND SHADED POPULATION

The present population of the island is curiously mixed. I found there, as in all lands colonized by Spain, the several racial strata representing a more or less commingling of blood. There are the inevitable white, "gray," brown, and black people, the "grays" being a peculiar Spanish classification. Of course, the Latin blood largely predominates.

The admixture of races has produced a very picturesque and versatile population, but one that is difficult to understand and difficult to govern. There is a distinct peasant type, a novelty to Americans who know only a farming class quite remote from a peasantry. The Porto Rican peasant is sturdy, well formed, erect, somewhat inclined to indolence, but quiet and peace-loving. He is capable, however, of great excitement, as his Spanish nature has its volcanic fires that may readily be stirred by the political agitator.

I think the ill success of the American administration is largely due to its failure to understand the native population and to a feverish desire to supplant all local customs. The best classes of people throughout the island I found dissatisfied with the present administration of affairs, having no confidence in the governmental policies we are pursuing, and growing more and more distrustful of our ultimate designs. I have already called attention to the manner in which our military government swept away, with rash eagerness, the old customs and laws and the monetary system. This produced a very bad effect, and caused much ill feeling on the part of the people, and made them regret their hasty welcome of the American "army of liberation."

WE HAVE NOT ASSIMILATED PORTO RICO

The American administration in the island has accomplished much good, especially in regard to sanitary matters, and it will accomplish much more good, after the people have grown accustomed, by harsh attrition, to our methods. At the present time, however, the verdict of an unbiased visitor would, I think, be against us. We have not yet "assimilated" Porto Rico or given to her people good and enlightened government, with tranquillity and prosperity.

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BEING THE FOURTH OF A SERIES OF SHORT STORIES WRITTEN BY FRANK H. SPEARMAN FOR "COLLIER'S WEEKLY," PRESENTING GRAPHICALLY THE PERILS AND HUMOR OF THE LIFE OF THE RAILROAD MAN, AS ILLUSTRATED BY THE EXPERIENCES OF TRAIN OPERATIVES, TRACKMEN, TELEGRAPHERS, ETC. WITH DRAWINGS BY JAY HAMBIDGE.

EDITOR'S NOTE

IN ORDER to meet objection on the score of the impossible, and to anticipate inquiry as to whether "The Despatcher's Story" is true, it may be well to state frankly at the outset that the tale, in its inexplicable psychological features, is a transcript from the queer things in the railroad life. The fiction is based on an extraordinary happening which fell within the experience of the president of a large Western railway system and was given by him to Mr. Spearman. Whether the story, suggestive from any point of view of mystery, can be regarded as a demonstration of the efficacy of prayer may be a disputable question. In passing, however, it is only fair to say that the circumstance on which the tale is based was so regarded by the despatcher himself, by those who were familiar with the circumstance, and by the writer who has woven this story about it.

A HUNDRED TIMES if once the thing had been, on appeals for betterment, before the board of directors. It was the one piece of track on the Mountain Division that trainmen shook their heads over—the Peace River stretch. To run any sort of a line through that cañon would take the breath of an engineer. Give him all the money he could ask and it would stagger Wetmore himself. Brodie in his day said there was nothing worse in the Andes, and Brodie, before he drifted into the Rockies, had seen, first and last, pretty much all of the Chilian work.

But our men had the job to do with one-half the money they ought to have had. The lines to run, the grades to figure, the culverts to put in, the fills to make, the blasting to do, the tunnel to bore, the bridge to build—in a limit; that was the curse of it—the limit. And they simply did the best they could. But I will be candid: if a section and elevation of Rosamond's bower and a section and elevation of our Peace River work were put up to stand for a prize at a civil engineers' cake-walk the decision would go, and quick, to the Peace River track. There are only eight miles of it; but our men would back it against any eighty on earth for whipping curves, tough grades, villanous approaches, and railroad tangle generally.

The directors always have promised to improve it; and they are promising yet. Thanks to what Hailey taught them, there's a good bridge there now—pneumatic caissons sunk to the bed. It's the more pity they haven't eliminated the dread main line curves that approach it, through a valley which I brief as a cañon and the Mauvaises Terres rolled into one single proposition.

Yet, we do lots of business along that stretch. Our engineers thread the cuts and are glad to get safely through them. Our roadmasters keep up the elevations, hoping some night the whole blooming right of way will tumble into perdition. Our despatchers, studying under shaded lamps, think of it with their teeth clinched and hope there never will be any trouble on that stretch. Trouble is our portion and trouble we must get; but not there. Let it come; but let it come anywhere except on the Peace. That was what Barnes Tracy used to say. Martin Duffy said it to him, and the first Chief the Mountain Division ever knew, Tom Porter, had long ago said it to Bucks and Bucks had said it to Duffy—anywhere, except on the Peace.

It was in the golden days of the battered old Wickiup that this story opens; when Blackburn sat in the night chair. The days when the Old Guard were still there; before Death and Fame and Circumstance had stolen our first commanders and left only us little fellows, forgotten by every better fate, to tell their greater stories.

Hailey had the bridges then, and Wetmore the locating, and Neighbor the roundhouses, and Bucks the superintendency, and Callahan, so *he* claimed, the work, and Blackburn had the night trick.

I

When Blackburn came from the plains he brought a record clean as the book of life. Four years on a station key; then eight years at Omaha despatching—with never a blunder or a break to the eight years. But it was at Omaha that Blackburn lost the wife whose face he carried in his watch. I never heard the story—only some rumor of how young she was and how pretty, and how he buried her and the wee baby together. It was all Blackburn brought to the West End mountains—his record and the little face in the watch. They said he had no kith or kin on earth, besides the wife and the baby back on the bluffs of the Missouri; and so he came on the night trick to us.

I was just a boy around the Wickiup then, but I remember the crowd—who could forget them? They were jolly good fellows, and sometimes there were very high jinks. I don't mean anybody drunk or that sort; but good tobacco to smoke and good songs to sing and good stories to tell—and Lord! how they could tell them. And when the pins slipped, as they would, and things went wrong, as they will, there were clear heads and pretty wits and stout hearts to put things right.

Blackburn, as much as I can remember, always enjoyed it; but in a different way. He had such times a manner like nobody else's—a silent, beaming manner. When Bucks would roll a great white Pat-Handle yarn over his fresh linen shirt-front and down his cool clean white arms, one of them always bared to the elbow—sanding his points with the ash of a San Francisco cigar—and Neighbor would begin to heave from the middle up like a happy hippopotamus, and Callahan would laugh his whiskers full of dew, and Hailey would yell with delight, and the slaves in the next room would double up on the dead at the story, Blackburn would sit with his laugh all in a smile; but never a noise or a word. He enjoyed it all; not a doubt of that; only it was all tempered, I reckon, by something that had gone before. At least, that's the way it now strikes me, and I watched those big fellows pretty close—the fellows who were to turn while I was growing up among them into managers and presidents and magnates; and some of them from every day catch-as-can men with the common alkali dusting their boots into dead men for whom marble never rose white enough or high enough.

Blackburn was four years at the Wickiup on the night trick; it wouldn't have seemed natural to see him there in daylight. It needed the yellow gloom of the old kerosene lamp in the room; the specked, knotted, warped, smoky pine ceiling losing itself in black and cobwebbed corners; the smouldering murk of the soft-coal fire brooding in the shabby old salamander, and, outside in the darkness, the wind screwing down the gorge and rattling the shrunken casements, to raise Blackburn in the despatcher's chair. Blackburn and the lamp and the stove and the ceiling and the gloom—in a word, Blackburn and the night trick—they went together.

Before the Short line was opened the Number One and Number Five trains caught practically all the coast passenger business. They were immensely heavy trains; month after month we sent out two and three sections of them each way, and they always ran into our division on the night trick. Blackburn handled all that main line business with a mileage of eight hundred and five, besides the mountain branches, say four hundred more; and the passenger connections came off them, mostly at night, for One and Five.

Now, three men wrestle with Blackburn's mileage; but that was before they found out that despatchers, although something tougher than steel rails, do wear out. Moreover, we were a good way from civilization then, and extra men. If a despatcher took sick there was no handy way of filling in; it was just double up and do the best you can.

There was one lad in the office those days that everybody loved: Fred Norman. He was off the Burlington. A kid of a fellow who looked more like a choir boy than a train despatcher. But he was all lightning—a laughing, restless, artless boy, open as a book and quick as a current. There was a better reason still, though, why they all loved Fred: the boy had consumption; that's why he was out in the mountains, and his mother in Detroit used to write Bucks asking about him, and she used to send us all things in Fred's box. His flesh was as white and as pink as mountain snow, and he had brown eyes; he was a good boy, and I called him handsome. I reckon they all did. Fred brought out a tennis set with him, the first we ever saw in Medicine Bend, and before he had been playing an hour he had Neighbor, big as a grizzly, and Callahan, with a pipe in one hand and a tennis guide in the other, chasing all over the yard after balls; and Hailey trying to figure forty love, while Fred taught Bucks the Lawford drive. I don't say what he was to me; only that he taught me all I ever knew or ever will know about handling trains; and, though I was carrying messages then, and he was signing orders, we were really like kids together.

Fred for a long time had the early trick. He came on at four in the morning and caught most of the through freights that got away from the River behind the passenger trains. There was no use trying to move them in the night trick. Between the stock trains eastbound and the both-way passenger trains, if a westbound freight got caught in the mountains at night the engine might as well be standing in the house saving fuel—there wasn't time to get from one siding to another. So Fred Norman took the freights as they came and he handled them like a ringmaster. When Fred's whip cracked, by Joe! a train had to dance right along, grade or no grade. Fred gave them the rights and they had the rest to do—or business to do with the Superintendent or with Doubleday, Neighbor's assistant in the Motive Power.

There was only one tendency in Fred Norman's despatching that anybody could criticise; he never seemed, after handling trains on the plains, to appreciate what our mountain grades really meant, and when they pushed him he sent his trains out pretty close together. It never bothered him to handle a heavy traffic; he would get the business through the mountains just as fast as they could put it at the Division; but occasionally there were some hair-curling experiences among the freights on Norman's trick trying to keep off each other's coat-tails. One night in July there was a great press moving eight or nine trains of Montana grassers over the main line on some kind of a time contract—we were giving stockmen the earth then. Everybody was prodding the Mountain Division, and part of the stuff came in late on Blackburn and part of it early on Fred, who was almost coughing his head off about then, getting up at 3.30 every morning. Fred at four o'clock took the steers and sent them train after train through the Rat River country like bullets out of a Maxim gun. It was hot work, and before he had sat in an hour there was a stumble. The engineer of a big ten-wheeler pulling twenty-five cars of steers had been pushing hard and, at the entrance of the cañon, set his air so quick he sprung one of the driver shoes and the main rod hit it. The great steel bar doubled up like a man with a cramp. It was showing daylight; they made a stop, and, quick as men could do it, flagged both ways. But the last section was crowding into the cañon right behind; they were too close together, that was all there was to it. The hind section split into the standing train like a butcher-knife into a sandwich. It made a mean wreck—and, worse, it made a lot of hard feeling at the Wickiup.

When the investigation came it was pretty near up to Fred Norman right from the start, and he knew it. But Blackburn, who shielded him when he could, just as all the despatchers did, because he was a boy—and a sick one among men—tried to take part of the blame himself. He could afford it, Blackburn; his shoulders were bread and he hadn't so much as a fly-speck on his book. Bucks looked pretty grave when the evidence was all in, and around the second floor they guessed that meant something for Norman. Fred himself couldn't sleep over it, and to complicate things the engineer of the stalled train, who hated Doubleday, hinted quietly that the trouble came in the first place from Doubleday's new-fangled idea of putting the driver shoes behind

ahead of in front of the wheels. Then the fat was in the fire. Fred got hold of it, and, boy-like—sore over his own share in the trouble and exasperated by something Doubleday was reported to have said about *him* over at the house—lit into Doubleday about the engine failure.

Doubleday was right in his device, as time has proven; but it was unheard of then, and, moreover, the assistant master mechanic, sensitive to criticism at any time, was a fearful man to run against. Sunday morning he and Norman met in the trainmaster's office. They went at each other like sparks, and when Doubleday, who had a hard mouth, began cursing Fred, the poor little despatcher, rankling with the trouble, and the way half sick, went all to pieces and flew at the big fellow like a sparrowhawk. He threw a wicked left into the master mechanic before Doubleday could lift a guard. But Walter Doubleday, angry as he was, couldn't strike Fred Norman. He caught up both the boy's hands and pushed him, struggling madly, back against the wall to slap his face, when a froth of blood stained Fred's lips and he fell fainting; just at that minute Blackburn stepped into the room.

It wasn't the kind of a time—they weren't the kind of men—to ask or volunteer explanations. Blackburn was on Doubleday in a wink, and before Walter could right himself the night despatcher had thrown him headlong across the room. As the operators rushed in, Blackburn and the tall master mechanic sprang at each other in a silent fury. No man dare say where it might have ended had not Fred Norman staggered between them with his hands up—but the blood was gushing from his mouth.

It was pretty serious business. They caught him as he fell, and the boy lay on Blackburn's arm limp as a dead wire; nobody thought after they saw that hemorrhage that he would ever live to have another. I was scared sick, and I never saw a man cut up as Doubleday was. But Blackburn was cool in a second, for he saw quicker than others and he knew there was danger of the little despatcher's dying right there in his tracks. Blackburn stood over him as much at home facing death as he was in a fight or in a despatcher's chair. He appeared to know just how to handle the boy to check the gush, and to know just where the salt was and how to feed it, and he had Doubleday telephoning for Dr. Carhart and me running to a saloon after chopped ice in a jiffy. When anybody was knocked out, Blackburn was as regular nurse as ever you saw; even switchmen, when they got pinched, kind of looked to Blackburn.

But that day the minute he got Fred into Carhart's hands there was Fred's trick to take care of, and nobody, of course but Blackburn to do it. He sat in and picked up the threads and held them till noon; then Maxwell relieved him. Doubleday was waiting outside when Blackburn left the chair. I saw him put out his hand to the night despatcher. They spoke a minute, and went out and up Third Street toward Fred Norman's room. It was a gloomy day around the depot. Everybody was talking about the trouble, and the way it had begun and the way it had ended. They talked in undertones, little groups in corners and in rooms with the doors shut. There wasn't much of that in our day there, and it was depressing. I went home early to bed, for I was on nights. But the wind sung so, even in the afternoon, that I couldn't quiet down to sleep. Long as I've been at it I've never learned how to sleep easily in the daytime; that day I was too much broke up to sleep, anyway.

II

We were handling trains then on the old single-order system. I mention this because in no other way could this particular thing have happened; but there's no especial point in that, since other particular things do happen all the time, single order, double order, or no order system.

The wind had dropped, and there was just a drizzle of rain falling through the mountains when I got down to the depot at seven o'clock that Sunday evening. I don't know how much sleep Blackburn had had during the day, but he had been at Fred Norman's bed most of the afternoon with Doubleday and Carhart, so he couldn't have had much. About half-past seven Maxwell sent me over there with a note and his storm-coat for him and the three men were in the room then. Boy-like, I hung around until it was time for Blackburn to take his trick, and then he and Doubleday and I walked over to the Wickiup together.

At sundown everything was shipshape. There hadn't been an engine failure in the district for twenty-four hours and every hand car was running smoothly. Moreover, there were no extra sections marked up and only one Special on the Division card—a theatrical train eastbound with Henry Irving and company from 'Frisco to Chicago. The Irving Special was heavy, as it always is; that night there were five baggage cars, a coach and two sleepers. I am particular to lay all this out just as the night opened when Blackburn took his train sheet, because sometimes these things happen under extraordinary pressure on the line and sometimes they don't; sometimes they happen under pressure on the despatcher himself. It was all fixed, too, for Blackburn to handle not only his own trick but the first two hours of Fred's trick, which would carry till six o'clock in the morning. At six Maxwell was to double into a four-hour dog-watch, and Callahan was to sit in till noon.

There was nothing to hold the big fellows around the depot that night, and they began straggling home through the rain about nine o'clock. Before ten, Bucks and Callahan had left the office; by eleven, Neighbor had got away from the roundhouse; Doubleday had gone back to sit with Fred Norman.

The lights in the yards were low and the drizzle had eased into a mist; it was a nasty night, and yet one never promised better for quiet. Before midnight the switchmen were snug in the yard shanties; in the Wickiup there were the night ticket agent downstairs and the night baggagemen. Upstairs every door was locked and every office was dark, except the despatchers' office. In that, Blackburn sat at his key; nearby, but closer to the stove, sat the night caller for the train crews, trying to starch his hair with a ten-cent novel.

The westbound Overland passenger, Number One, was due to leave Ames at 12.40 A.M., and ordinarily would have met a Special like the Irving at Rosebud, which you may see is a good bit west of the river. But Number One's engine had been steaming badly all the way from McCloud, and on her schedule, which was bitter fast all night, she did not make Ames till some fifty minutes late. While there were no special orders, it was understood we were to help the Irving train as much as possible anyway. Bucks had made the acquaintance of the great man and his fellows on the westbound run, and as they had paid us the particular compliment of a return trip, we were minded to give them the best of it—even against Number One, which was always rather sacred on the sheet. This, I say, was pretty generally understood; for when it was all over there was no criticism whatever on Blackburn's intention of making a meeting-point for the two trains, as they then stood, at O'Fallon's siding.

Between Ames and Rosebud, twenty miles apart, there are two sidings—O'Fallon's, west of the river, and Salt Rocks, east. But there was then no operator at either place. The train that leaves Ames westbound is in the open for twenty miles with only schedule rights or a despatcher's tissue between her and the worst of it. At one o'clock that morning Blackburn wired an order to Ames for Number One to hold at O'Fallon's for Special 202. A minute later he sent an order for Special 202 to run to O'Fallon's regardless of Number One. At least, he thought he sent such an order; but he didn't—he made a mistake

When he had made the meeting-point, Blackburn rose from his chair and sat down by the stove. I lazily watched him, till, falling myself into a doze as I eyed him drowsily, he began to loom up in his chair and to curl and twist toward the roof like a signal column; then the front legs of his chair struck the floor, and with a start I woke, just as he stepped hurriedly back to his table and picked up the order book.

STOOD WITH HIS HAND ON THE KNOB, LOOKING BACK AT THE LAMP

The first suspicion I had that anything was wrong was a choking exclamation from Blackburn as he stared at the book. Putting it down almost at once and holding the page open with his left hand, he plugged Callahan's house wire and began drumming his call. Callahan's "Aye, aye," came back inside of a minute and Blackburn tapped right at him: "Come down." And I began to wonder what *was* up.

There was an interval; then Callahan asked, "What's the matter?"

I got up and walked over to the water-tank for a drink. Blackburn again pressed the key, and repeated to Callahan precisely the words he had used before: "Come down."

His face was drawn into the very shape of fear and his eyes, bent hard on me, were looking through me and through the shivering window—I know it now—and through the storming night, horror-set, into the cañon of the Peace River.

The sounder broke and he turned back; listened a moment; but it was stray stuff about time freight. He pushed the chair from behind him, still like a man listening—listening; then with an effort that was plain even to me, he walked across the office, pushed open the door of Callahan's private room and stood with his hand on the knob, looking back at the lamp. It was as if he still seemed to listen, for he stood undecided a moment; then he stepped into the dark room and closed the door behind him, leaving me alone and dumb with fear.

The mystery lay, I knew, in the order book. Curiosity gradually got the better of my fright, and I walked from the cooler over to the counter to get courage, and shoved the train register around noisily; then I crossed to the despatchers' table and made a pretence of arranging the pads and blanks. The train order book was lying open where he had left it under the lamp. With my eyes bulging, I read the last two orders copied in it:

C. and E. No. One, Ames.
No. One, Eng. 871, will hold at O'Fallon's for Special 202.
C. and E. Special 202, Rosebud.
Special 202, Eng. 636, will run to Salt Rocks regardless of No. One.

SALT ROCKS! I glared at the words and letters of the words.

I re-read the first order and read again the second. O'Fallon's for Number One. That was right. O'Fallon's it should be for the Special 202, of course, to meet her. But it wasn't; it was the first station east of O'Fallon's he had ordered the Special to run to. It was a lap order. My scalp began to creep with the fright of it. A lap order for the Irving Special and the Number One passenger, and it doomed them to meet head on somewhere—between O'Fallon's and the Salt Rocks—in the Peace River cañon.

My mouth went sticking dry. The sleet outside had deepened into a hail that beat the west glass sharper and the window shook again in the wind. I asked myself, afraid to look around, what Blackburn could be doing in Callahan's room. The horror of the wreck impending through his mistake began to grow on me; I know what I suffered; I ask myself now what he suffered, inside, alone, in the dark. . . .

Callahan's room door opened again and Blackburn came out of the dark. I had left the table and was standing in front of the stove. He looked at me almost eagerly; the expression of his face had completely changed. I never in my life saw such a change in so few minutes on any man's face, and it alarmed me like all the rest. But it was not for me to speak if I had been able, and he did not. He walked straight over to the table, closed the order book, plugged Callahan's house wire again, and began calling him. The assistant superintendent answered, and Blackburn sent him just these words:

"You need not come down."

I heard Callahan reply with a question: "What is the matter?"

Blackburn stood calmly over the key, but he made no answer. Instead he repeated only the words: "You need not come down."

Callahan, easily excitable always, was wrought up. "Blackburn," he asked over the wire impatiently, "what in God's name is the matter?" But Blackburn only pulled the plug and cut him out, and sunk into the chair like a man wearied.

"Mr. Blackburn," I said. My heart was thumping like an injector, but I could keep still no longer; minutes hung over me like eternities. "Mr. Blackburn?" He glanced vacantly around and seemed for the first time to see me. "Is there anything," I faltered, "I can do?"

Even if the words meant nothing, the offer must have touched him, for he answered, quietly, "No, Jack; there isn't anything." With the words the hall door opened and Bucks, storm-beaten in his ulster, threw it wide and stood facing us both. The wind that swept in behind him blew out the lamps and left us all in darkness.

"Jack, will you light up?"

It was Blackburn who spoke to me. But Bucks broke in instantly, speaking to him:

"Callahan called me over his house wire a few minutes ago, Blackburn, and told me to meet him here right away. Is there anything wrong?" he asked, with anxiety restrained in his tone.

I struck a match, but I was so nervous that when I took hold of the hot chimney of the counter lamp I dropped it smash to the floor. No one said a word, though, and that made me worse. I struck a second match, and a third, and with a fourth got the lamp on the despatchers' table lighted as Blackburn answered the superintendent. "Something serious has happened," he replied to Bucks. "I sent lap orders at one o'clock for Number One and the Irving Special."

"*What?*"

"Instead of making a meeting-point at O'Fallon's I sent One an order to run to O'Fallon's and ordered the Special to run to Salt Rocks against One."

"Why, my God!" exclaimed Bucks, "that will bring them together in—the Peace cañon—Blackburn!—Blackburn!—Blackburn!" he cried, tearing off his storm coat. He rushed to the table, seized the order book and steadied himself with one hand on the chair; I never saw him like that. But it looked as if the horror long averted—the trouble in the Peace River cañon—had come. The sleet tore at the old depot like a wolf, and with the sash shivering, Bucks turned like an executioner on his subordinate.

"What have you done to meet it?" He drew his watch, and his words came sharp as doom. "Where's your wreckers? Where's your relief? What have you done? What are you doing? Great God, man! *Nothing?* Speak—why don't you speak? Will you kill two trainloads of people without an effort to do anything?"

His voice rang absolute terror to me; I looked toward Blackburn perfectly helpless.

"Bucks, there will be no wreck," he answered steadily.

"Be no wreck!" thundered Bucks, towering in the dingy room dark as the sweep of the wind. "Be no wreck? Two passenger trains meet in hell and be no wreck? Are you crazy?"

The despatcher's hands clutched at the table. "No," he persisted steadily, "I am not crazy, Bucks. Don't make me so. I tell you there will not be a wreck."

Bucks stared at him, uncertain with amazement.

"Blackburn, if you're sane I don't know what you mean. Don't stand there like that. Do you know what you have done?" The superintendent advanced toward him as he spoke; there was a trace of pity in his words that seemed to open Blackburn's pent heart more than all the bitterness.

"Bucks," he struggled, putting out a hand toward his chief, "I am sure of what I say. There will be no wreck. When I saw what I had done—knew it was too late to undo it—and the horror of it came over me, I begged of

(CONCLUDED ON PAGE 23)

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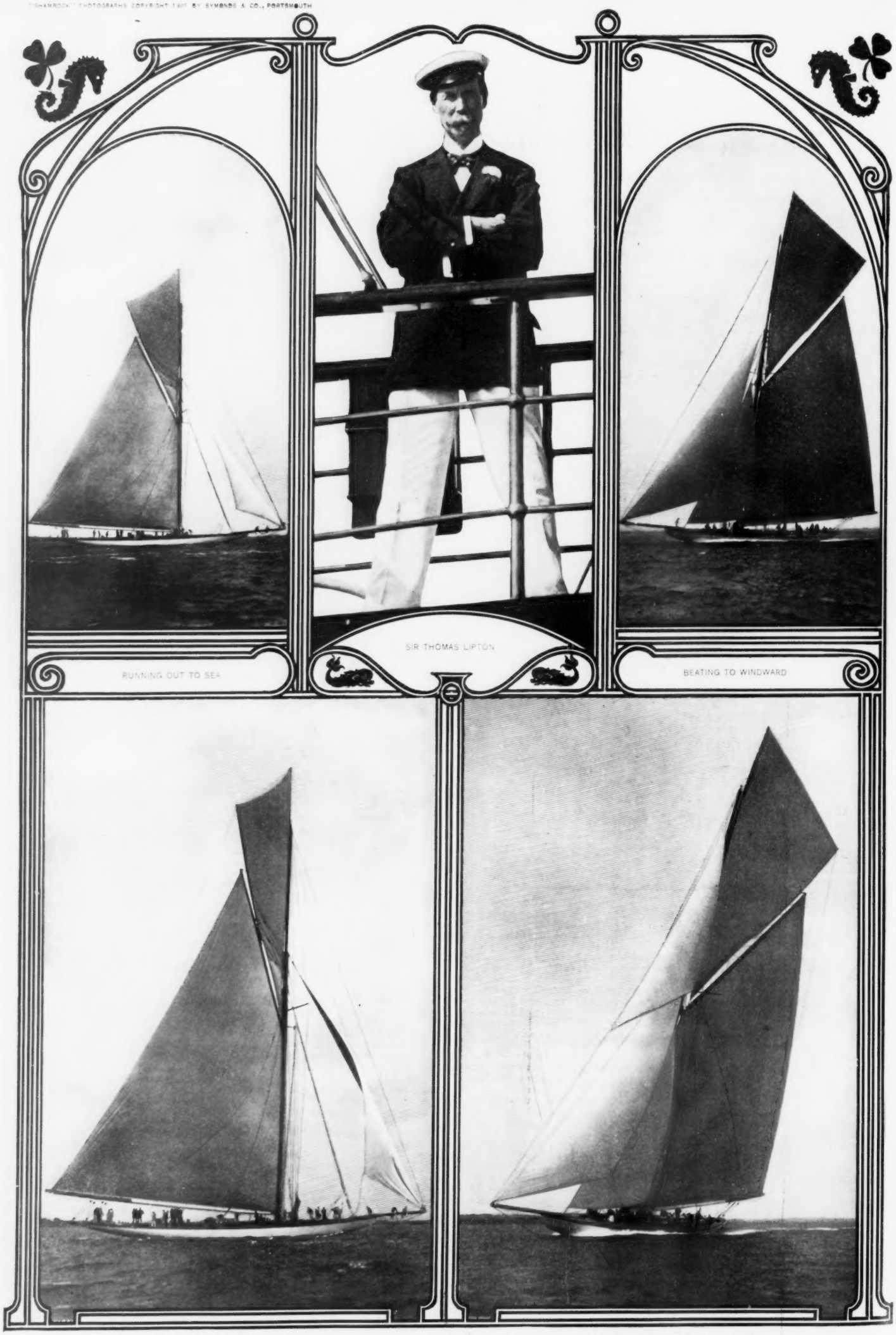

RUNNING OUT TO SEA

SIR THOMAS LIPTON

BEATING TO WINDWARD

COMING AROUND UNDER EASY SAIL

DOING HER BEST, ON A FRESH WIND

THE NEW BRITISH CUP YACHT "SHAMROCK II." AND HER OWNER

(SEE PAGE 21)

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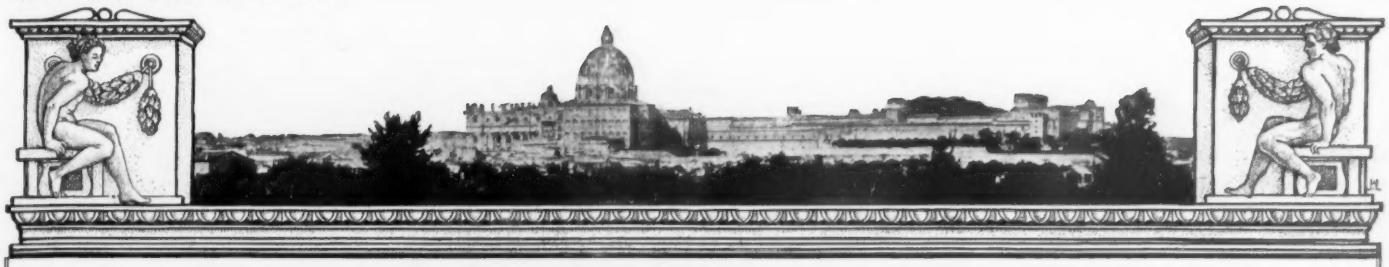


THE ETERNAL CITY

By HALL CAINE

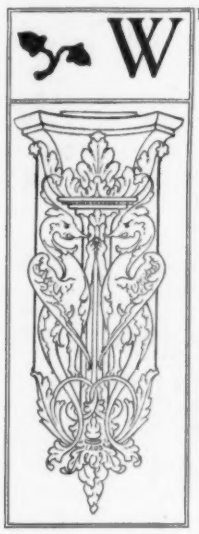
Author of "The Deemster," "The Manxman," "The Christian," Etc., Etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Prince Volonna, exiled from Italy for conspiring against the government, adopts a boy compatriot, afterward proscribed as an abettor of the Prince and eventually known in Rome as David Rossi, the anarchist leader. Roma, the Prince's daughter, now resides there too, under the tutelage of Baron Bonnino, Italy's Prime Minister. The intimate relations with which gossip credits them, are alluded to in a public speech by Rossi, an intrigue being consequently set on foot to ruin him. But Rossi is persuaded he has made a mistake, offers Roma amends, she ceases to wish for vengeance, and finally she returns the passion he conceives for her. The Baron, however, learning of her intention to marry the anarchist, becomes still more imbittered against his rival in love and politics. He arbitrarily orders his arrest in connection with a mass meeting, at the same time urging Roma to officially establish David's identity. This she refuses to do. Remorse then seizes her because of her previous relations with the Baron, and the deception practiced on Rossi by concealing the fact from him. In a stormy interview with Bonnino, Roma announces her resolve to enter a convent. This idea he tries to discourage, and leaves her, repeating that he will not relinquish her.

XI



WHEN ROSSI LEFT HOME he was like a raging lion. His knees tottered under him and a misty vapor floated before his eyes, but his heart was afire with rage and hatred. He made straight for the Palazzo Braschi at the other side of the Piazza, and, going up the marble staircase on limbs that could scarcely support him, his thoughts went back in a broken maze to the scene he had left behind.

"Our little boy dead! Dead in his mother's arms! O God, let me meet the man face to face! . . . Our innocent darling! The light of our eyes put out in a moment! Our sweet little Joseph! . . . Shall there be no retribution? God forbid! The man who has been the chief cause of this crime shall be the first to suffer punishment! No use wasting time on the hounds who executed his orders. They are only delegates of police, and over them is this Minister of the Interior. He alone is responsible, and he is here!"

When he reached the green baize door to the hall he stopped to wipe away the perspiration which stood on his forehead, although his face was flecked with snow. The messengers looked scared when he stepped inside, and they answered his questions with obvious hesitation. The Minister was not in his Cabinet. He had not been there that night. It was possible the Honorable might find his Excellency at home.

Rossi turned on his heel instantly and went hurriedly downstairs. He would go to the Palazzo Leone. There was no time to lose. Presently the man would hide himself in the darkness like a toad under a stone.

As he left the Ministry of the Interior he heard the singing of the Garibaldi hymn in the distance, and turning into the Corso Victor Emmanuel, he came upon crowds of people and some noisy and tumultuous scenes. One group had broken into a gun shop and seized rifles and cartridges; another group had taken possession of two electric tram-cars and tumbled them on their sides to make a barricade across the street; and a third group was tearing up the street itself to use its stones for missiles. "Our turn now!" they were shouting, and there were screams of delirious laughter.

As Rossi crossed the bridge of St. Angelo the cannon was fired from the Castle, and he knew that it was meant for a signal. "No matter!" he thought. "It will be too late when the soldiers arrive."

Notwithstanding the tumult in the city, the Piazza of St. Peter's was silent and deserted. Not the sound of a footfall, not the rattle of a carriage-wheel; only the swish-swish of the fountains, whose waters were playing in the lamplight through the falling snow, and the echoing hammer of the clock of the Basilica.

The porter of the Palazzo Leone was asleep in his lodge, and Rossi passed upstairs. "I'll bring the man to justice now," he thought. "He imagined we were only tame cats and would submit to anything. He was wrong. We'll show him we know how to punish tyrants. Haven't we always done so, we Romans? He has a sharp tongue for the people, but I have a sharper one here for him." And he felt for the revolver in his breast-pocket to make certain it was there.

The lackey in knee-breeches and yellow stockings who answered the inside bell was almost speechless at the sight of the white face which confronted him at the door. No, the Baron was not at home. He had not been there since early in evening. Had he gone to the Prefettura? Possibly! Or the Consulta? Perhaps!

"Which, man, which?" said Rossi, and to say something the lackey stammered, "The Consulta," and closed the door. Rossi set his face toward the Foreign Office. There was a light in the stained-glass windows of the Pope's private chapel—the Holy Father was at his prayers. A canvas-covered barrow containing a man who had been injured by the military was being carried into the Hospital of Santo Spirito, and a woman and a child were walking and crying beside it. The streets were covered with broken tiles which had been thrown on to the heads of the troops as they went at full gallop through the principal thoroughfares. Carabineers with revolvers in hand were dragging themselves on their stomachs on the roofs, trying to surprise the rioters who were hiding behind chimney-stacks. Some one shouted, "Cut the electric wires," and men were clambering up the tall posts and breaking the electric lamps.

The Consulta, the office of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, stands in the piazza of the Quirinal, and when Rossi reached it the great square of the King was as silent as the great square of the Pope had been. Two sentries were in boxes on either side of the royal gate, and one carabineer was in the doorway. The gardens down the long corridor lay dark in the shadows, but the fountain of sculptured horses, the splashing water and the fronts of the building were white under the electric lamps as if from a dazzling moon.

Before turning into the silent courtyard of the Consulta Rossi paused and listened to the noises that came from the city. Men were singing and women were screaming. The rattle of musketry mingled with the cries of children. And over all was the steady downfall of the snow and the dull rumble of distant thunder.

Rossi held his head between his hands to prevent his senses from leaving him. His rage was ebbing away and he was beginning to tremble. Nevertheless, he forced himself to go on. As he rang the bell to the Foreign Office he was partly conscious of a secret desire that the Prime Minister might not be there.

The porter was not sure. The Baron's carriage had been and just gone. Let him ask on the telephone. . . . No, there had been a messenger from the Minister of the Interior, but the Minister himself had not been there that night.

Rossi took a long breath of relief and went away. He had returned to the bright piazza when the lights seemed to be wiped out as though by an invisible wing, and the entire city was plunged in darkness. At the next moment a company of cavalry galloped up to the Quirinal, and the gates of the royal palace and of the Consulta were closed.

Midnight struck.

For two hours the military had been charging the crowds by the light of lanterns and torches. They had arrested hundreds of persons. Chained together, two and two, the insurgents had been taken to the places of detention, amid the shouts and cries of their women and children. "Who knows whether we shall see each other again!" said the prisoners as they passed into the "House of Pain." One old woman went on her knees to the soldiers and begged them to have pity on the people. "They are your brothers, my sons," she cried.

One o'clock struck.

The streets were still dark, but a searchlight from Monte Mario was sweeping over the city like a flash of a supernatural eye. With tottering limbs and his head on his breast, David Rossi was walking down the Via due Macelli, toward the column of the Immaculate Conception, when a young girl spoke to him.

"Honorable," she said, "is it true that the little boy is dead? . . . it is? Oh dear! I met him in the Corso and brought him up as far as the Varieta, and if I had only taken him all the way . . . Oh, I shall never forgive myself!"

Out of his comfortless heart he did his best to comfort her. She had nothing to reproach herself with. It was God who had done this, and little Joseph was in heaven.

"I shall always think of that, Honorable," said the girl. And then she lifted her poor face, painted like a doll's but innocent as an angel's, and asked him if he would kiss her. He kissed her on the forehead and she went away.

The city was quiet, and all was hushed on every side when Rossi found himself on a flight of steps at the back of Roma's apartment. From these steps a door opened into the studio. One panel of the door was glazed, and a light was shining within. Going cautiously forward, Rossi looked into the room. Roma was seated on a stool with her hands clasped in her lap and her hair hanging loose. She was very pale. Her face expressed unutterable sadness.

Rossi listened for a moment, but there was not a sound to be heard except that of the different clocks chiming the quarter. Then he tapped lightly on the glass.

"Roma!" he said in a low tone. "Roma!"

She rose up and shrank back. Then coming to the door and shielding her eyes from the light she put her face close to the pane. At the next moment she threw the door open.

"It is you?" she said in a tremulous voice, and taking his hands she drew him hurriedly into the house.

XII

AFTER the Baron had gone Roma had sat for a long time in the dark among the ruins of the broken bust. Notwithstanding her courageous bearing, she was consumed by fear. The great fact remained. What the Baron had said was true. She knew it was true. In her inmost heart she must always know it. Therefore, if she married David Rossi there would be one chamber of her heart which he could never enter. Would that be love, trust, wedlock, complete surrender?

When twelve o'clock struck she was feeling hot and feverish, and in spite of the coldness of the night, she rose and opened the window. The snow had ceased to fall, the thunder was gone, and the city was quiet. Through the still air came the soft swell of an organ and the faint sound of voices. The nuns of Trinità dei Monti were singing their midnight office.

Roma closed her eyes and listened. She could see and hear everything. The dim church, the iron screen across it, the lines of white figures, like ghosts, kneeling in the shadows, the altar lighted up by two or three small candles, and then the voice of one of the nuns who was singing above the rest. How sweet! How solemn! Peace! The Church was peace—peace and rest after the noise and riot of life. If the Sisters would receive her she would still go into the convent. It was her only hope now, her only refuge.

She thought of Rossi. He was gone and he might never hear what had befallen her; but perhaps he would come there some day, and sit before the screen at Benediction, and hear *her* voice as she had heard the voice of the nun, and recognize her by that and so learn everything. And then he would suffer. There was a strange, sweet, secret, unfathomable joy in the thought that Rossi would suffer when he found where she was and what she had done.

Tears were falling on her hands as the singing ended. At that moment the revolving searchlight on Monte Mario passed over the room. The white flash lighted up the broken fragments at her feet, and brought a new train of reflections. The bust she had destroyed had been only the plaster cast; the piece-mold remained and might be a cause of danger.

She closed the window, took a candle and went down to the studio to put the mold out of the way. She had done so, and was sitting to rest and to think when Rossi's knock came to the door. In a moment all her dreams were gone. She was clasped in his arms and had put up her mouth to be kissed.

"Is it you?"

"Roma!"

It was not at first that she realized what was happening, that they were together again, when all had seemed to be over. But after a moment she recovered from her bewilderment, and extinguished the candle lest Rossi should be seen from outside. Then she clung to him afresh, and he tightened his arms about her. They were in the dark, save at intervals when the revolving light in its circuit of the city swept across the studio, and lighted up their faces as by a flash of lightning. He seemed to be dazed. His weary eyes looked as if their light were almost extinct.

"You are safe? You are well?" she asked.

"O God, what sights!" he said. "You have heard what has happened?"

"Yes, yes! But you are not injured?"

"The people were peaceful and meant no evil, but the soldiers were ordered to fire, and our little boy is dead."

"Don't let's speak of it. . . . The police were told to arrest you, but you have escaped thus far, and now . . ."

"Bruno is taken and hundreds of others are in prison."

"But you are safe? You are well? You are uninjured?"

"Yes," he answered between his teeth, and then he recovered his face with his hands. "God knows that I did my best to prevent this bloodshed—I would have laid down my life to prevent it."

"God *does* know it."

"Take this." He drew something from his breast-pocket and put it into her hands. It was the revolver. "I cannot trust myself any longer."

"You haven't used it?"

"No."

"Thank God!"

"I should have done if I could have met the man face to face."

"The Baron?"

"I searched for him everywhere, and couldn't find him. God kept him out of my way to save me from sin and shame."

With a frightened cry she put down the revolver and clasped her hands about his neck. He began to recover his dazed senses and to smooth the hair on her damp forehead.

"My poor Roma! You didn't think we were to part like this?"

Her arms slackened and she dropped her head on to his shoulder.

"Last night you told me to fly, and I wouldn't do so. There was no man in Rome I was afraid of then. But to-night there is some one I am afraid of. I am afraid of myself."

"You intend to go?" she said, lifting her face.

"Yes! I shall feel like a captain who deserts his sinking

A JUN BI

mine ou

And I as rich in lo uch a je

As twenty seas, if ds sands w

The water nectar, a cks pur

—Ben Jo

DRAWN BY HENRY HUTT

N BRIDE

" mine own ;
h in h uch a jewel,
s, if d sands were pearl,
tar, a ocks pure gold."

—T Gentlemen of Verona.

DECORATION BY GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS

ship. Would to God I could have gone down with her! . . . Yet, no!" he cried impetuously. "She has not gone down yet. Everything is in God's hands. Perhaps there is work for me abroad now that the paths are closed to me at home. Wait! Let us wait and see."

They were both silent for a while.

"Then it is all over," she said, gulping down a sob.

"God forbid! This black night in Rome is only the beginning of the end. It will be the dawn of the resurrection everywhere."

"But it is all over between you and me," she faltered.

"Indeed, no! No, no! I cannot take you with me; that is impossible. I couldn't see you suffer hunger and thirst and the privations of exile, but . . ."

"Our marriage cannot be celebrated now, and that being so . . ."

"The banns are good for half a year, Roma, and before that I shall be back. Have no fear! The immorality stirring beneath the ruins of this old city will give us victory all over Italy. I will return, and we shall be very happy! How happy we shall be!"

"Yes, yes," she brought out at intervals.

"Be brave, my girl, be brave!"

"Yes, yes."

The revolving searchlight flashed through the room at that moment, and she dropped her face again.

"Dearest," she said faintly, "if I should not be here when you come back . . ."

He started and seized her arm. "Roma, you cannot intend to submit to the will of that man?"

She shook her head as it rested on his shoulder.

"The man is a tyrant. He may put pressure upon you."

"It is not that."

"He may even make you suffer for my sake."

"Nor that, either."

"By and by he may require everybody to take an oath of allegiance to the King."

"I have taken mine already—to *my* King."

"Roma, if you wish me to stay I will do so in spite of everything."

"I wish you to go, dearest."

"Then what is it you fear?"

"Nothing—only . . ."

"But you are sad. Why is it?"

"A foreboding. I feel as if we were parting forever."

He passed his hands through his hair. "It may be so. Only God can tell."

"It was too sweet dreaming. I was too happy for a little while."

"If it must be it must be. But let us be brave, dear! We who take up a life like this must learn renunciation . . . Crying, Roma?"

"No! Oh, no! But renunciation! That's it—renunciation." She could feel the beating of her heart against his breast. "Love comes to every one, but to some it comes too late, and then it comes in vain." She was striving to keep down her sobs. "They have only to conquer it and to renounce it, and to pray God to unite them to their loved ones in another life." She was choking, but she struggled on. "Sometimes I think it must be my lot to be like that. Other women may dream of love and home and children . . ."

"Don't unman me, Roma."

"Dearest, promise me that whatever happens you will think the best of me."

"Roma!"

"Promise me that whoever says anything to the contrary you will always believe I loved you."

"Why should we talk of what can never happen?"

"If we are parting forever . . . if we are saying a long farewell to all earthly affections, promise me . . ."

"For God's sake, Roma!"

"Promise me!" she cried in a voice of pitiful entreaty.

"I promise," he said. "And you?"

"I promise, too—I promise that as long as I live and wherever I am and whatever becomes of me, I will . . . yes, because I cannot help it . . . I will love you to the last." Saying this in passionate tones, she drew down his head and he met her kiss with his lips.

"It is our marriage, Rossi. Others are married in church, and by the hand, and with a wedding. We are married in our spirits and our souls."

After that there was a long time in which they did not speak. The searchlight flashed in on them again and again, with its supernatural eye, and as often as it did so Rossi looked at her with strange, slow looks and of love. Meantime she cut a lock from her hair, tied it with a piece of ribbon, and put it in his pocket with his watch. Then she dried her eyes with her handkerchief and pushed it in his breast.

The night went on, but nothing was to be heard but the chiming of clocks outside. At length through the silence there came a muffled rumble from the streets.

"You must go now," she said, and when the next flash came round she looked up at him with a steadfast gaze as if trying to gather into her eyes her last memory of his face.

"Adieu!"

"Not yet."

"It is still dark, but the streets are patrolled and every gate is closed, and now you are to escape . . ."

"If the soldiers had wished to take me they could have done so a hundred times."

"But the city is stirring. Be careful for my sake. Adieu!"

"Roma," said Rossi, "if I do not take you with me it is partly because I want your help in Rome."

Roma was seized with sudden palpitation.

"Think of the poor people I leave behind me in poverty and in prison. Think of Elena when she awakes in the morning, alone with her terrible grief. Some one should be here to represent me for a time, at all events—to take the messages I must send, the instructions I will have to give. It will be a dangerous task, Roma, a task that can only be undertaken by some one who loves me, some one who . . ."

They arranged a channel of correspondence, and then Roma began her adieus afresh.

"Roma," said Rossi again, "since I must go away before our civil marriage can be celebrated, is it not best that our spiritual one should have the authority and blessing of the Church?"

Roma looked at him and trembled.

"When I am gone God knows what may happen. The Baron may be a free man any day and he may put pressure on you to marry him. In that case it will be strength and courage to you to know that in God's eyes you are married already. It will be happiness and comfort to me, too, when I am far away from you, and alone."

"But it is impossible!"

"Not so! A Declaration before a parish priest is all that is necessary. 'Father, this is my wife.' 'This is my husband.' That is enough. It will give no value in the eyes of the law, but it will be a religious marriage for all that."

"There is no time. You cannot wait . . ."

"Hush!" The clocks were striking three. "At three o'clock there is mass at Saint Andrea Della Fratte. That is your parish church, Roma. The priest and his acolyte are the only witnesses we require."

"If you think . . . that is to say . . . if it will make you happy, and be a strength to me also . . ."

"Run for your cloak and hat, dearest—in ten minutes it will be done."

"But think again." She was breathing audibly. "Who knows what may happen before you return? Will you never repent?"

"Never!"

"But . . . but there is something . . . something I ought to tell you—something painful. It is about the past."

"The past is past. Let us think of the future."

"You do not wish to hear it?"

"If it is painful to you—no."

"Will nothing and nobody divide us?"

"Nothing and nobody in the world."

She gulped down another choking sob and threw both arms about his neck.

"Take me, then. I am your wife before God and Man."

XIII

IT WAS still dark overhead and the streets with their thin covering of snow were as silent as a catacomb. Through the door of the church, when the leather covering was lifted, there came the yellow light of the candles burning on the altar. The priest in his red vestments stood with his face to the glistening shrine and his acolyte knelt beside him. There was only one worshipper, an old woman who was kneeling before a chair in the gloom by a side chapel. The tinkle of the acolyte's bell, and the faint murmur of the priest's voice, were the only sounds that broke the stillness.

Rossi and Roma stepped up on tiptoe, and as the Father finished his mass and turned to go they made their declaration. The old man was startled and disturbed; but the priest commits no crime who listens to the voice of conscience, and he took their names and gave them his blessing. They parted at the church door.

"You will write when you cross the frontier?"

"Yes."

"And you will be faithful to all your promises?"

"Yes."

"Adieu, then, until we meet again!"

"If I am long away from you, Roma . . ."

ROMA WAS SEATED ON A STOOL WITH HER HANDS CLASPED

"You cannot be long away. You will be with me every day and always."

She was assuming a lively tone to keep up his courage, but there was a dry glitter in her eyes and a tremor in her voice.

"When I go to bed at night I will be thinking of you, when I am asleep I will be dreaming of you, and when I awake in the morning I will be thinking of you again."

He took her full, round, lovely form in his arms for a last embrace. "If the result of this night's work is that I am arrested and brought back and imprisoned . . ."

"I can wait for you," she said.

"If I am banished for life . . ."

"I can follow you."

"If the worst comes to the worst, and one way or another death itself should be the fate that falls to me . . ."

"I can follow you there, too."

"If we meet again we can laugh at all this, Roma."

"Yes, we can laugh at all this," she faltered.

"If not . . . Adieu!"

"Adieu!"

She disengaged her clinging arms, with one last caress; there was an instant of unconsciousness, and when she recovered herself he was gone.

At the next moment there came through the darkness the measured tramp, tramp, tramp of the patrol. With a quivering heart Roma stood and listened. There was a slight movement among the soldiers, a scarcely perceptible pause, and then the tramp, tramp, tramp as before. Rossi looked back as he turned the corner, and saw Roma, in her light cloak, gliding across the silent street like a ghost.

Three or four hundred yards inside the gate of St. John Lateran, in one of the half-finished tenement-houses on the outskirts of Rome, there is a cellar which is used as a resting-place and eating-house by the carriers from the country who bring wine into the city. This cellar was the only place that seemed to be awake when Rossi stepped up and looked down. Some eight or nine men, in the rude dress of wine-carriers, with loose shirts and white waistbands, the bottoms of their trousers tucked into their top-boots, and their red-lined overcoats scattered about them, lay dozing or talking on the floor. They had been kept in Rome overnight by the closing of the gate and were waiting for it to be opened in the morning.

Without a moment's hesitation, David Rossi stepped down and spoke to the men.

"Gentlemen," he said, "you know me. I am Rossi. The police have orders to arrest me. Will you help me to get out of Rome?"

"What's that?" shouted a husky and drowsy voice from the smoky shadows of the cellar.

"It's the Honorable Rossi," said a lad who had shambled up. "The oysters are after him, and will we help him to escape?"

"Will we? It's not *will* we, it's *can* we, Honorable," said a thickset man, who lifted his head from an upturned horse-saddle.

In a moment the men were all on their feet, asking questions and discussing chances. The gate was to be opened at six, and the first train north was to go out at half-past nine.

"I have it!" said the thickset man with the husky voice. "There's young Carlo. He got a scratch in the leg last night from one of the wet-nurses of the Government, and he'll have to lie upstairs for a week at least. Why can't he lend his clothes to the Honorable? And why can't the Honorable drive his cart back to Monte Rotundo, and then go where he likes when he gets there?"

"That will do," said Rossi, and so it was settled.

A few minutes before six o'clock a line of wine carts drove up to the gate of St. John Lateran. In the little hooded seats, each like the arc of a moon, sat the drivers in their red-lined overcoats, their white waistbands, blue trousers and top-boots, with their empty barrels built up behind them and their little watchdogs barking by their sides. The lad drove first, the thickset man with the husky voice came next, and then came David Rossi. The sky was still dark and leaden-hued, but a smell of dawn was in the air, and the street venders were beginning to cry.

Half a dozen officers in uniform stood by the open gate, some with steel rods in their hands, others with rifles and bayonets. One of the officers held an open notebook and by a light from the window of the custom-house lodge he took the names of all who left the city. This was an unusual precaution, and the carriers were not prepared for it. When Rossi was asked for his name he hesitated.

"Your name—don't you hear me?" shouted the officer.

The thickset man with the husky voice came to Rossi's rescue. "Carlo!" he called back. "Carlo Conti, the gentleman is asking you for your name." And then turning to the officer he touched his ear and said, "Deaf, sir," and hurched his finger over his shoulder.

"Go on," said the officer, and Rossi passed through.

The day dawned, and as Rossi drove in the line of tinkling wine-carts he looked back on Rome. The city was entirely covered with snow. In the morning mist which enveloped the hills around, it lay like a dead thing under a shroud. The bell of the Passionist Monastery began to ring, and then in single strokes, like a knell rung in a sepulchre, came the reverberating bell of St. Peter's.

It was a bitter hour for Rossi. He gazed back on Rome with dim eyes and an aching heart. He felt guilty and ashamed, and had half an impulse to turn back. But something outside himself restrained him, and he continued to go on. "Nevertheless, not my will but Thine be done!"

The sun rose, and the lad who was driving the first of the wine-carts began to sing. Rossi looked back at the city a second time, and then the domes and cupolas were glistening with gleams of sunlight on the snow. The thought of last night was bitterest of all now, when the sweet morning had fully dawned. But hope came with the memory of the past.

Rome, the city of the Emperors, the city of the Popes, the city of the Kings, would be the city of the peoples after all! Rome, from which the word of Division had first gone forth, when man divided humanity into two races—the race of the rich and the race of the poor, the race of the bond and the race of the free, the race of the friend and the race of the foe—was the same Rome from which the word of Unity would yet go out to tell the world that it was One.

It was God's decree and no one could resist it. It was the rising tide on the sea-shore, and none could keep it back. Popes who ruled in the name of infallibility and must therefore be despots—let who will deceive themselves; Kings who lived in the name of liberty and suffered their servants to withdraw the rights which they had no title from God to grant—all, all would disappear! "Ye shall know them by their fruits. Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit shall be hewn down and cast into the fire."

When Rossi looked back on Rome again the sun had melted the thin snow and the city lay basking under a cloudless sky. By this time the wine-carts had reached the top of a hill on the Campagna, the lad who was driving the first of them was making the aqueducts ring with his singing, and the other drivers were asleep.

Rossi took his last look back on the city of his soul. She held everything that was dear to him. Would he ever see her again? Roma! Roma! His two Romas!

Tears filled his eyes and blotted out everything. The wine-carts dipped over the hills, and the horses tinkled along.

When the train which left Rome for Florence and Milan at nine-thirty in the morning arrived at the country station of Monte Rotondo, eighteen miles out, a man in top-boots, blue trousers, a white waistband and a red-lined overcoat got into the people's compartment. The train was crowded with foreigners who were flying from the risks of insurrection, and even the third-class carriages were filled with well-dressed strangers. They were talking bitterly of their experiences the night before. Most of them had been compelled to barricade their bedroom doors at the hotels, and some had even passed the night at the railway station.

"It all comes of letting men like this Rossi go at large," said a young Englishman with the voice of a peahen. "For my part, I should put all these anarchists on an uninhabited island and leave them to fight it out among themselves."

"Say, Rossi isn't an anarchist," said a man with an American intonation.

"What is he?"

"A dreamer of dreams."

"Bad dreams, then," said the voice of the peahen, and there was general laughter.

END OF PART FIVE

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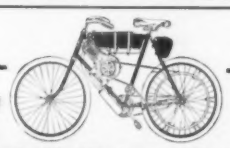

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CATCH YOUR DINNER

"WILL Madam catch her own fish?" This was the invitation extended to a feminine guest recently by the waiter at a historic restaurant near Grant's Tomb, on whose site was once fought a Revolutionary battle, where notabilities of all nations have been feted and which now, with its exterior of Colonial simplicity and its irreproachable service, invites many a wanderer. The invitation was no mere persiflage—quite the contrary. From the wide veranda where the tables are placed and where the guest feels like the figure in the foreground of a picture with the wide sweep of the far-off hills blue hazed, the broad, silvery river and the soft tones of turf and tree, the eye is attracted by the marble-rimmed fountain with its spouting spray. This fountain is kept stocked with trout brought two or three times a week from the Adirondacks. Whether the trout are so many in number that they tire of each other's society, or whether they are devoured by curiosity is not known, but with the rod, line and captivating fly provided by the management, the diner-out, if he or she desires, may step to the fountain, draw the line languidly through the water a few times and land a trout without difficulty, the waiter standing alongside to remove it from the hook and calm its wriggling declarations. On the menu is announced "Twenty Minutes from Fountain to Table," and the irreverent declare that the swan song of the fish is "Meet Me at the Fountain." However that may be, the management of the fashionable restaurant certainly deserve commendation for providing a novel recreation for the interest sated, and that the experience is an appetizer is proved by its popularity. As soon as a couple seat themselves, the waiter draws near, calls attention to the fountain, if they are novices, and explains its mysteries. After a moment of hesitation, one or both, hypnotized by the suggestion, take a turn with the line, and twenty minutes after the speckled beauty is brought in curled up in a last writhing protest against Fate and its funeral decorations of lemon and parsley. The diners who are not curious, or who may be too conventional, perhaps, to desire to hold the centre of the stage, even in such a laudable cause, are nevertheless interested in the experiences of their fellow guests, and many an entree grows cold with neglect while the efforts of the amateurs are closely watched and applauded.

"PLENTY GOOD FISH IN THE SEA"

Paris fashions announce the return of the *ferronière*, a jewel suspended over the forehead by a slender gold chain, which is most becoming to a certain classic type of face and hair worn in Grecian fashion. To be strictly historic, the jewel should be pear-shaped in itself or in its setting, although the round pendant is also worn, with the modern disregard for historic precedent when it interferes with prejudice. The conspicuousness of this unique ornament is reason enough why it should be without flaw.

The "Further Memoirs" of Marie Bashkirtseff will go far toward satisfying those morbid beings who have resented the withholding of any of the soul phases of that woman of temperament, whom some one has aptly described as "a bird with a broken wing." Her correspondence with Guy de Maupassant is attractive and the pictures of studio life and friends help to make this second volume no less interesting than the first, and whatever faults both possess, certainly lack of interest is not one of them.

TENDER HEARTS AND FEATHERS

THE Spirit of Commercialism received some severe blows at the last social meeting of the New York Woman's Press Club, before its summer vacation. These blows were delivered respectively by Albert Sterner, artist, and Bishop Henry C. Potter. Mr. Sterner defined the term in strenuous phrases and deplored its increasing power in regard to the life beautiful, and Bishop Potter told some amusing personal incidents when, as one of the Hunted—viz., those who are at the mercy of the Interviewer—he had suffered the penalty of the Great. This was merely introductory, however, to a strong plea for simplicity in respect to church decoration, the refusal of the tawdry and insignificant. In line with this is a recent address delivered before a prominent club of women in the West, by Mr. G. O. Shields, the president of the League of American Sportsmen. Mr. Shields said: "There is abundant reason to congratulate the women of this country on their good sense. When their attention was called to the needless and heartless destruction of bird life which was being perpetrated in order to gratify their love of beautiful raiment, thousands of them stopped wearing birds on their hats. It is safe to say that five per cent of the twenty thousand women who belong to the Audubon societies to-day were formerly patrons of the bird millinery traffic. They had not before stopped to think of the wrong that was being done as a result of their patronage, but when their attention was called to it they were as ready to discard the sinful ornaments as they always are to join in any good movement."

SERVANTS AND MILLINERY

ONE of the most interesting phases of the domestic servant question is that relating to millinery. Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to the Maid-of-all-that-she-can't-evade-Work, really ought to take up this question and treat it seriously. Whatever lack the domestic may have in the way of wardrobe, whatever her training may leave to be desired, she is sure to have weird and wonderful headgear, particularly at this season, when even Nature tends to lavishness in regard to flowers and fruit; when *omelettes aux fines herbes*, a dish of lettuce salad, a bouquet of roses suggestive of a young man's first love and last dollar, seem to be the inspiration for millinery "dreams." "I believe," said a housekeeper recently, discussing this subject, "that milliners with cheap materials and callous morals are doing more toward the degeneration of servants than can be measured." She cited a case in point, her own servant, who brought her a new hat for criticism—no, for praise. The hat was of cheap black straw, with coarse lace, flimsy ribbon held in place perkily by inserted wire, sure to collapse at the first dampness, and ornamented with red roses of cotton. "It is very striking, Lizzie," I admitted, with Machiavelian *finesse*, and then asked the price. "Eight dollars," was the answer. "Ain't it a bargain? The milliner told me it was marked down from ten, just for that day." The girl received fifteen dollars a month. I went through a rapid mental criticism and decided that with a margin of profit the hat might be worth three dollars and a half. "Not exactly a bargain," I continued; "but, Lizzie, it certainly *is* striking," and with this equivocal compliment the maid was as well satisfied as she was with her hat. It was not so much the hat—though that was bad enough—but what it represents, the utter inability of the servant girl to get value received for what she expends, the financial weakness which leaves them a prey to every sharper. In line with this is a comment heard from a young woman who was contemplating the establishment of a millinery "emporium." Said she: "I am going over on Eighth Avenue to try and get the servant girls' trade to begin with. If I can do that I'm all right, for they will buy anything and pay big prices for it. And," she added with satisfaction, "a long-suffering milliner is not compelled to wait a year for payment—it is *all* cash."

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THIS AUTOGRAPH IS NEVER ON A POOR SHADE-ROLLER AND NEVER ABSENT FROM A GOOD ONE.

Stewart Hartshorn

GET THE GENUINE HARTSHORN

THE BICYCLE GIRL

THE bicycle girl will deservedly go down through history as one of the most notable productions of the nineteenth century. No other century could have produced her, for the simple reason that prior to the advent of the bicycle she would not have been tolerated. At such an apparition as a rosy-faced, red-lipped, athletic-limbed maiden mounted upon a wheel, and attired in a rough rider hat, a shirt-waist, and a skirt sufficiently abbreviated to expose the ankles and even more, Mesdames Grundy, Prude and Proper of one hundred or even twenty-five years ago would have been shocked and startled into a state of speechless amazement.

Ideal examples of the type, unfortunately, are seen far less frequently than the average man would like to behold them. Singularly enough, New York is by no means the best "cover" for the species in question. One would think Riverside Drive, Fifth Avenue or the Cycle Path and Prospect Park the most likely places to find true specimens of the up-to-date bicycle girl, but such is not the case. Occasionally, she flashes past with a distinguishing grace and personality that enables one to single her out from the rest of the throng instantly. She may be petite, fair-haired and fragile, or she may be tall and strong, with the tinge of Titian in her tresses and the power of Diana in her athletic figure. Whatever the physical type, the essentials in the make-up of the true bicycle girl are there—grace of pose, correctness of position, absolute command of the wheel, a figure that carries not a single pound of weight in excess of that prescribed by recognized authorities, upon the basis of sex and height, and absolute faultlessness of attire, from the modest but tasteful bit of millinery on her head to the dainty tan or patent-leather shoe that presses the pedal. There is no possibility of mistaking her, as, cleverly swinging around a group of slow-moving riders just ahead, she is away like a perfect mistress of her mount.

This is the ideal bicycle girl as one sees her in the city. In the country, at the sea-shore and in the mountains she is none the less charming, though a bit less dressy, a trifle more flushed—for there are hills to climb in the country—and considerably more tanned than would be looked upon as admissible in the city. In the country the bicycle girl is legion, and it is in the country, perhaps, that she is seen at her best; for there are so many women on the city drives who are in no sense bicycle girls that a true representative of the type feels an uncomfortable sense of conspicuousness because of those very graces that she displays so lavishly and with so much self-gratification in the country. Said a rare specimen of the type to the writer:

"Why is it that so many women will persist in making spectacles of themselves on a bicycle? It is unfair to the wheel and to the sport of cycling, and makes the women themselves appear ridiculous. The woman who rides to reduce her weight makes a silly mistake. A fleshy woman will find at the end of a month's riding that she has increased, not decreased, her weight. In fleshy people, riding produces both hunger and thirst. Need I say more on that point?

"Do I ride a diamond frame? No, not yet; but I shall a little later on. It is the only proper design for a bicycle. I am watching with much interest the efforts of New York, Philadelphia and Boston horsewomen to popularize the astride saddle. When they have made a little further progress in their campaign I may muster up courage enough to shock my friends with a diamond frame."

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A little boy down in N. C. asked his mother to write an account of how Grape-Nuts Food had helped their family.

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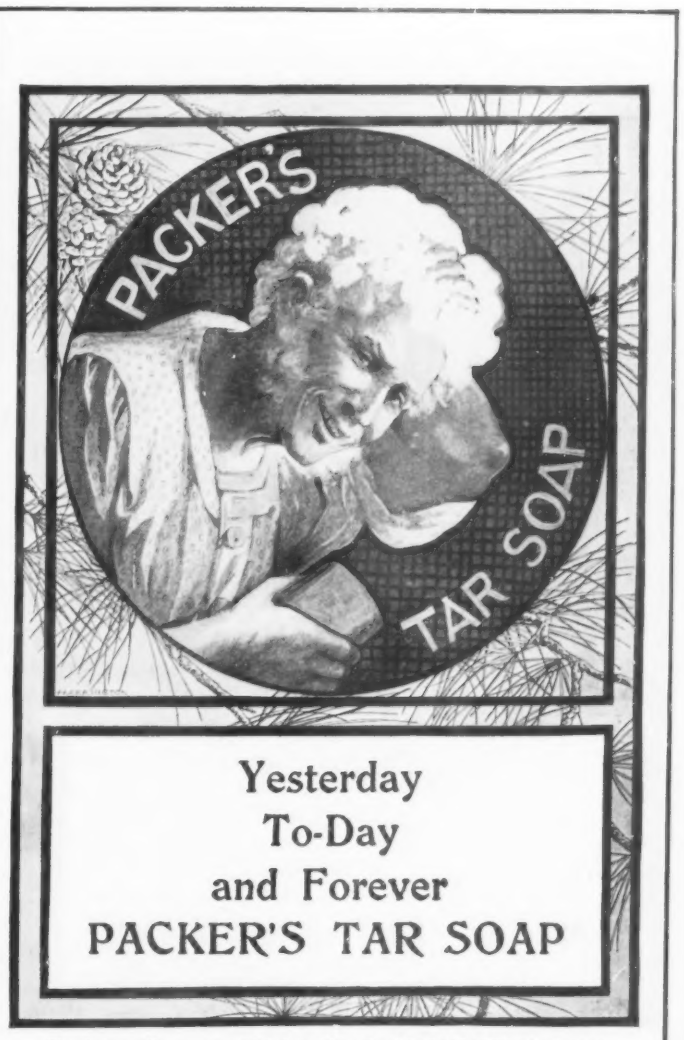
My little 18 months' old baby shortly after being weaned was very ill with dyspepsia and teething. She was sick nine weeks and we tried everything. She became so emaciated that it was painful to handle her and we thought we were going to lose her. One day a happy thought urged me to try Grape-Nuts soaked in a little warm milk.

Well, it worked like a charm and she began taking it regularly, and improvement set in at once. She is now getting well and round and fat as fast as possible and on Grape-Nuts.

Some time ago a number of the family were stricken with LaGrippe at the same time, and during the worst stages we could not relish anything in the shape of food but Grape-Nuts and oranges, everything else nauseated us.

We all appreciate what your famous food has done for our family."



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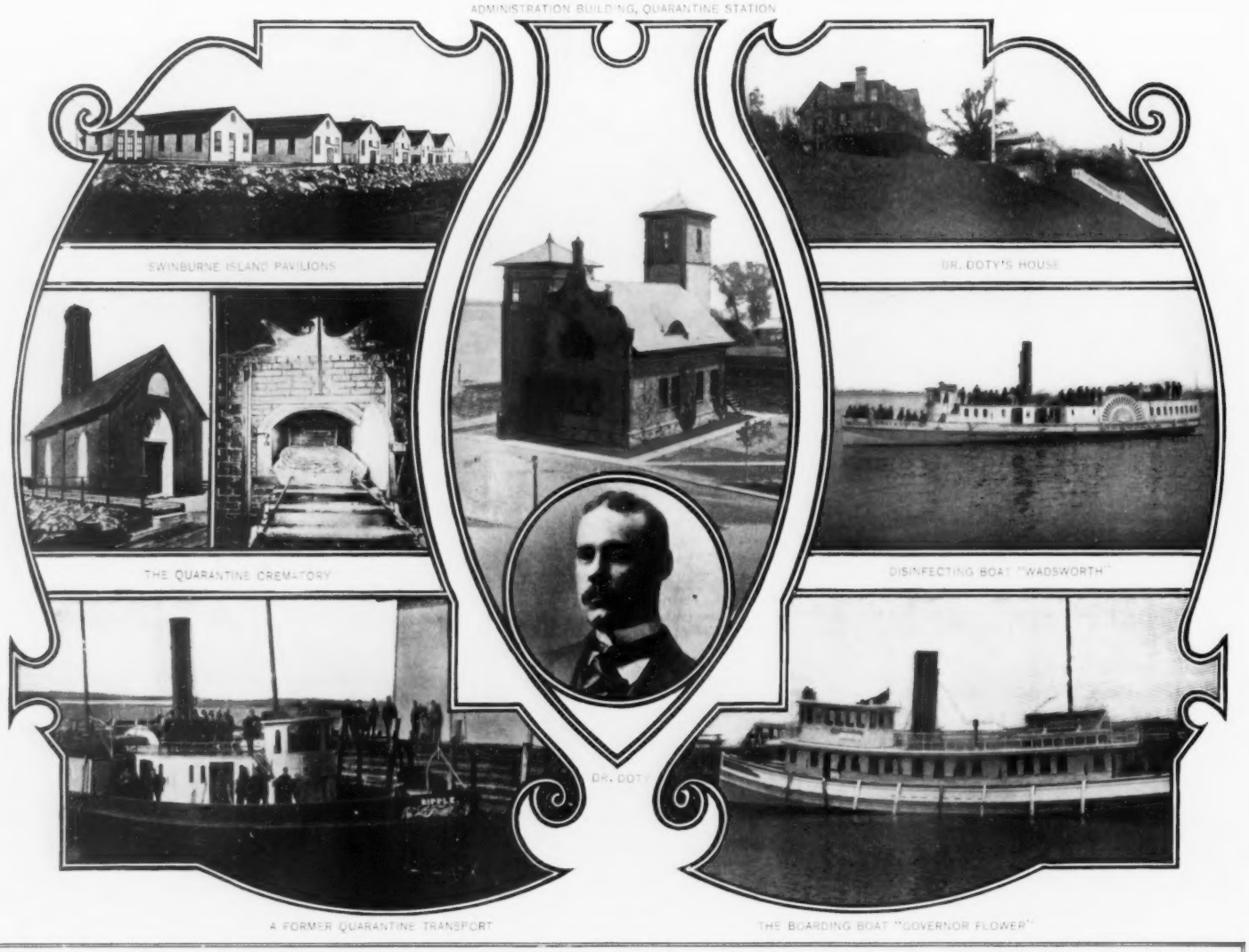

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A FORMER QUARANTINE TRANSPORT

THE BOARDING BOAT "GOVERNOR FLOWER"

HOW A QUARANTINE STATION IS CONDUCTED

By DR. ALVAH H. DOTY, Health Officer of the Port of New York

OF THE LARGE NUMBER of vessels which annually come to the United States from foreign ports, probably one-half or more are inspected at the New York State Quarantine Station. This means an average arrival of four or five hundred vessels each month. In addition, the Quarantine laws require that certain domestic vessels entering this port between May and November shall be visited by the Health Officer—about fifteen hundred of this class are subject to Quarantine regulations each year.

Last year over four hundred thousand immigrants arrived at the Port of New York and were inspected by the officers of this department. This number constitutes about four-fifths of all immigrants reaching the United States in 1900, and required an average daily examination of more than one thousand immigrants, besides the crew and passengers of many foreign vessels not carrying immigrants. In order to properly perform this duty it is imperative that Quarantine officers shall be familiar in a very practical way with infectious diseases, and with the sanitary conditions at ports of departure.

NO CUT-AND-DRIED RULES HERE

Quarantine regulations cannot well be reduced to writing; or, in other words, Quarantine cannot be governed by written rules. For, vessels which come under observation present many different conditions, requiring various methods of treatment. It may be said that a certain policy is carried out at a modern Quarantine station in the treatment of incoming vessels, rather than an enforcement of printed regulations.

A Quarantine officer deals with two classes of vessels: first, those from non-infected ports; second, those from infected ports. The transatlantic mail and express steamships may be taken as types from the non-infected ports. The treatment of these vessels is comparatively simple, and is more or less familiar to ocean travellers. On the arrival of a ship of this class at Quarantine, it is promptly boarded by a medical officer, who is met at the gangway by the captain, or his representative, and the surgeon of the vessel. The latter presents his medical report regarding the health of the passengers and crew.

HATS OFF TO THE DOCTOR

The steerage passengers are then made to pass in review, with their heads uncovered. The uncovering of the head is not intended as a mark of respect, but to fully expose the face, which is always involved in the eruption of smallpox and some other infectious diseases. As each immigrant files by, he is closely scrutinized, and if he presents any suspicious symptoms, he is removed from the line and his case is more closely investigated after the general inspection is concluded. The steerage passengers are also carefully counted with a registering instrument, in order to ensure an inspection of all of this class.

After the general inspection is completed, the sick are visited for the purpose of detecting any who may be suffering with Quarantine diseases, such as smallpox, typhus fever, etc. If all on board are found well, a pass is issued to the captain giving him authority to proceed to New York. On vessels coming from non-infected ports, saloon passengers and members of the crew are not inspected—provided that a deposition is made by the ship's surgeon that no cases of infectious diseases have occurred among them during the transit of the vessel. This difference in the treatment of saloon and steerage passengers is in a measure due to the fact that infectious diseases are almost always transmitted by the latter class.

Non-infected ports may suddenly be declared infected ones; therefore, an entire change in the character of inspection of the vessels just mentioned may occur at any time. For this reason a Quarantine officer must be familiar with the sanitary condition of foreign ports, and follow the course of infectious diseases throughout the world. This department, through special correspondents, is in direct communication with South American, Cuban, Mediterranean, and other foreign ports, including the Suez Canal, through which pass vessels from the East, where cholera and plague are almost constant visitors. In this way we receive early information regarding outbreaks of infectious diseases in distant foreign ports long before vessels departing therefrom can reach New York.

In the treatment of vessels from infected or presumably infected ports, neither the certificate of the surgeon nor of the master of the vessel is accepted in lieu of a personal examination of everybody on board. The character of the examination depends upon the disease suspected. If, for instance, it is bubonic plague, the initial lesion or sore which represents the site of infection, and the swollen glands which are almost invariably present, are carefully looked for.

It must also be taken into consideration that bubonic plague may occur in a pulmonary form. Therefore, those who are apparently suffering from bronchitis or pneumonia must be subjected to the most rigid inspection. This inspection frequently involves a bacteriological examination of sputum, contents of glands, etc. In November, 1898, a small freight steamer arrived at this station from Santos, Brazil. The crew reported all well. However, when the inspection was made it was found that the captain and a member of the crew were affected with a mild form of bubonic plague, and although not feeling well, were perfectly able to appear on deck and pass an ordinary examination.

"SHIVER HIS TIMBERS" NOT SICK IF HE CAN WALK

Sailors are subject to great exposure and receive but little medical attention, and are not tenderly cared for. Therefore, they take but little notice of ailments which do not render them entirely unfit for work. Besides, they fear that if they report sick at Quarantine they may be detained. Consequently the statement of these people is valued only as corroborative evidence.

The early stage as well as the mild form of infectious disease may escape detection when visual examination is alone employed. For this reason persons held here for observation are not allowed to depart until their temperatures are taken. This will detect the fever that ushers in an infectious disease, which otherwise may not be apparent. The value of the thermometer as an aid in the detection of disease has been many times proven at this station.

QUARANTINE LIKE DEATH AND TAXES

The proximity of Cuba to the United States and the large number of cases of yellow fever which are prevalent on that island during the summer have, for the better protection of the South, made it necessary to establish stringent regulations against vessels coming from that section during the warm weather. The maximum period of incubation in yellow fever is regarded as five days. That is, this disease develops within this period—more commonly, however, in two or three days. As the journey from Havana to this city takes only a part of this time, it is necessary to detain passengers arriving on vessels from that port until the expiration of five days from the date of departure.

Many passengers who leave Havana for this city are immune to yellow fever. If this immunity can be satisfactorily proven to the Federal health officer at Havana, he issues a certificate which will be accepted at this Quarantine, and which will permit the holder to proceed at once with the vessel. Other passengers who are not fortunate enough to have this bit of paper are detained.

The detention of passengers from Cuba is one of the unpleasant duties which the Health Officer of this port is called upon to perform; for the majority of those held for observation are saloon passengers, many of them representing important business interests, and therefore an enforced idleness at Hoffman Island for two days is not always pleasantly received. As a rule, however, the situation is accepted philosophically. The marked improvement in the sanitary condition of Cuba under the administration of General Wood promises in the near future to make unnecessary the rigorous quarantine regulations which are now enforced against Havana and other Cuban ports. I have referred to the Quarantine regulations against Cuba as necessary for the better protection of the South, because here in the North we have little or nothing to fear from yellow fever.

WHEN QUARANTINE WAS QUARANTINED

Many years ago the New York Quarantine Station, including offices, residences, detention buildings and hospitals, were situated all together at Tompkinsville, Staten Island. Serious and persistent opposition was offered to this by the inhabitants of the town and vicinity; so much so, that the State wa

obliged to construct two islands in the Lower Bay (Hoffman and Swinburne Islands) for the special care of persons suffering from infectious disease, or who were merely held for observation. These islands are within four miles of the present Quarantine Station on Staten Island and a short distance from each other.

Hoffman Island has recently been more than doubled in size, at an expense of about five hundred thousand dollars, and now consists of nine acres or more. This island contains large dormitories which will accommodate twelve hundred steerage passengers, besides buildings for the reception of saloon passengers, bathhouse, laundry, and a very large disinfecting plant. Here persons are detained for observation only; while those suffering with infectious diseases, or with suspicious symptoms, are transferred to Swinburne Island, which contains the hospital and crematory. These islands are carefully guarded and are particularly adapted for quarantine purposes. Cases of infectious disease and persons held for observation are transferred to the islands by the boats of this department. Save by special permit, no other vessels are allowed to land.

SHIPS CLEANED WHILE YOU WAIT

Besides the large disinfecting plant at Hoffman Island, to which I have just referred, a steamer fitted with every form of disinfecting apparatus known to sanitary science was constructed four years ago and is in constant operation. This vessel, the *James W. Wadsworth*, represents the modern method of marine sanitation. It does away, to a great extent, with the transfer of persons and goods to a distant disinfecting station, an operation which requires considerable time and which therefore delays commerce. The *Wadsworth*, constantly under steam, is available at any moment. When in operation, it lies alongside the vessel which is to be disinfected, and from which are transferred the persons and material to be treated.

In disinfection we depend principally upon steam, which is not only a most potent germicidal agent (germ-killer), but can be depended upon for deep disinfection; that is, it will penetrate and disinfect packages of textile fabrics of almost any size without the necessity of opening them. Steam, if properly employed, does not injure the woollen and cotton material used for clothing or bedding. However, it destroys certain articles, such as leather and fur goods.

In former times, when these latter materials were believed to be infected, they were not returned to their owners but were destroyed. Now, articles of value which are injured or destroyed by steam or sulphur dioxide gas (generated by burning sulphur) are subjected to disinfection by a kind of gas known as formaldehyde. This agent is comparatively a recent discovery. It does not injure the most delicate fabrics. Therefore, nothing which cannot be returned to a ship uninjured is removed. Formaldehyde, as well as sulphur dioxide gas, although efficient germicidal agents, cannot be depended upon to penetrate materials as steam does. Hence when they are used the materials to be treated cannot be left in bundles but must be spread out carefully in order that all surfaces be exposed.

The *Wadsworth* is capable of disinfecting ordinary vessels from South American and other infected ports, while the disinfecting plant on Hoffman Island is more commonly employed in the treatment of the effects of the great number of passengers who are removed to that place for observation. The *Wadsworth* is fitted with bathrooms which are supplied with fresh and salt water of any temperature. Patients suffering with infectious diseases are not removed to or cared for on board the *Wadsworth*. The steamer is reserved rather for the treatment of well persons who have either come from an infected port or who have been in contact with the sick. It is not believed that the bodies of these persons act as a medium of infection, and hence the bath which is given on board is an ordinary one and, contrary to general belief, contains no disinfectant.

DREADED SMALLPOX MAKES WORK FOR THE DOCTORS

The great number of vessels, passengers and crews which constantly enter this port from all over the world involve many serious emergencies which must be promptly met. As an illustration of this I must refer to the fact that, during the past month, twenty-two large steamships, carrying over twenty-five thousand immigrants, have arrived here with smallpox on board. With one exception, these vessels all came from Naples, the principal point for the embarkation of Italian immigrants. One not familiar with quarantine work can hardly appreciate the amount of detail which is involved in the inspection and care of so many persons, the disinfection of their effects and the treatment of the vessels which carry them. In order to meet the conditions promptly and effectively the most complete equipment is necessary. Besides, the progress which has recently been made in sanitary science has largely increased the outfit of a modern Quarantine Station.

Prior to 1880 but little was definitely known as to the origin of infectious diseases. About that period, however, the investigations of Pasteur and Koch gave to the world indisputable evidence concerning the germ origin of such diseases. The specific organisms of bubonic plague, cholera, diphtheria, tuberculosis, typhoid fever, etc., have been discovered and are familiar to us. This establishes a new era in sanitation and makes it imperative that any department which has the public health in its keeping must have means for the investigation of infectious diseases. For this reason, four years ago, a bacteriological laboratory was established at this station and its practical value is apparent to any one who understands that the diagnosis of infectious diseases is frequently decided by the examination of specimens taken from the person affected. Not only is the Quarantine Laboratory used for the examination of specimens in connection with the ordinary work of the department, but original investigation concerning specific organisms is constantly going on, thus adding to the general fund of information on this subject and increasing the efficiency of this department. The discoveries of Pasteur and Koch, and the stimulus which their work gave to bacteriological research, are largely responsible for what may be termed Modern Maritime Sanitation.

COMMERCE AND QUARANTINE ONCE DEADLY ENEMIES—

I know of nothing which more definitely marks the transition from the old to the new methods than the co-operation which now exists between commerce and a modern Quarantine Station. As a result of unreasonable and unnecessary measures which in the past have been enforced, Quarantine has not unjustly received the name of "Commerce Destroyer."

Authentic information is obtainable regarding the unjust and ridiculous Quarantine regulations which formerly hampered commerce. "Quarantine," which implies a detention of forty days, was originally instituted as a means of protection against the bubonic plague. It was probably first established in Venice in 1348. A study of the quarantine methods of that period is a history of farcical and ineffectual attempts to protect the public at the expense of commerce.

Just why forty days was selected as the period of quarantine, inasmuch as it is arbitrary and senseless, can only be accounted for on the ground that the Venetians, or others who were responsible for the creation of this regulation, believed that within forty days all latent diseases would develop and infected matter would become harmless. Quarantine at that time involved not only the detention of passengers, crew and cargo, but the vessel also. Ships were frequently held in Quarantine for two or three months; worse than that, both cargo and ship were sometimes destroyed.

In 1721, two vessels reaching England laden with cotton from Cyprus, a presumably infected port, were burned, cargoes and all, for which the owner received an indemnity of $116,324. And as late as 1800, two vessels from Morocco were sunk by the British authorities at an expense of $72,000 to the government. Unfortunately for commerce, the owners of vessels were seldom reimbursed for the loss which they sustained in the enforcement of sanitary regulations. At that period the quarantine fees charged by the different governments sometimes equalled twenty-five per cent of the value of the cargo. It is not to be wondered at, then, that these unreasonable and unscientific methods, which were not only unsuccessful in preventing the entrance of infectious diseases, but were ruinous to commerce as well, placed a stigma on maritime sanitation, from which it has not yet recovered and which, in England, has practically led to an abandonment of quarantine.

It must be said, however, in justice to former quarantine methods, that it is only within a few years that we have had definite knowledge regarding the origin and treatment of infectious diseases and the value of disinfectants; therefore, the sanitarians of former times enforced rules and regulations which were dictated largely by theory, which explains the many different methods of maritime sanitation which were in vogue at that time.

—NOW HEAVENLY TWINS

In striking contrast to this is the policy of modern sanitation. Firmly established on a scientific basis, quarantine now tends toward the uniform enforcement of sanitary regulations throughout the world, so far as climatic differences will permit. This is what we are confidently expecting will end the antagonism which has long existed not only between commerce and quarantine, but between the different quarantines throughout the world. While quarantine along these lines protects the public health, it also protects commerce.

Modern sanitarians recognize that practical quarantine cannot ensure full protection; that is, protection to the extent of one hundred per cent against the entrance of infectious disease into seaport towns. In order to do this it would involve an indefinite detention of every ship that arrives whether from an infected or non-infected port—a course which cannot be considered.

Quarantine officers are in a measure dependent upon bills of health for their treatment of incoming foreign vessels. These bills, however, cannot always be relied upon. A bill of health may indicate that a port of departure is free from infectious disease, whereas it may be infected without the knowledge of the health officials of the place. Moreover, it is not uncommon for the local officials in some of the small foreign ports to conceal the fact that infectious disease exists in their vicinity in order to prevent loss of trade. Under these circumstances, infectious disease in the incubative stage may pass quarantine and develop after the patient has reached the interior of the country. This is not fully appreciated by the public and not always taken into consideration by municipal health authorities.

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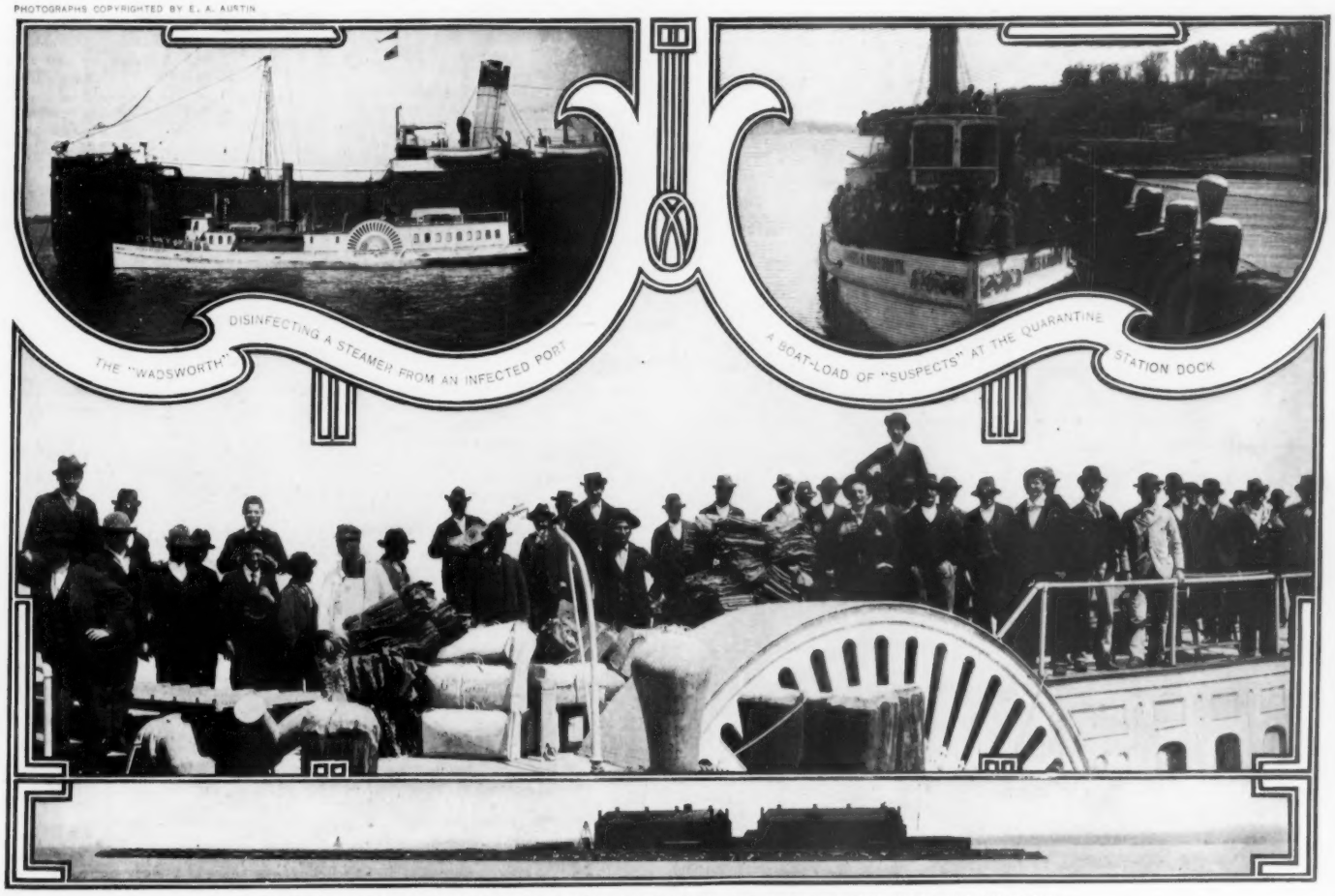

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AT THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION

(SEE PAGE 4)

THOUGH the formal opening of the Pan-American Exposition was duly solemnized in May, the people of Buffalo knew that their pet show had not really opened until the advent of the first warm days in June. The Mexican vaqueros and rurales, with their wide-brimmed sombreros, no longer looked out of place, nor did the bright gondolas gliding swiftly from the canals of "Little Venice" to the blue waters of Mirror Lake. Even the shady streets of "Alt Nürnberg," with their make-believe ramparts peopled by Bavarian singers, looked less chilly than the Bavarian Alps themselves.

The "Midway," in the midst of which "Alt Nürnberg" holds the place of honor, fairly blossomed out under the welcome change of weather. Excepting only the Eskimos, who wilted in their furs, all the denizens of the "Midway" were glad to bask in the sunshine. Most vociferous in their expressions of joy were the fakirs and dancing dervishes of the "Streets of Cairo," who filled the air with their barbaric music.

Comparisons are not only odious but idle, so it is fruitless to compare the famous "Midway Plaisance" of the World's Columbian Exposition to the modest "Midway" of the Pan-American Exposition; still let the truthful scribe repeat what the mendacious fakir in the red fez bellows forth to the multitudes in Buffalo: to wit, that the "Streets of Cairo" at the Pan-American are just as good as those at the World's Columbian Exposition—for the simple reason that they are the same. This need not discourage the most *blasé* visitors from entering the Egyptian gates, since the vicious little donkeys and complaining camels that encumber the "Streets of Cairo" may be depended on to supply an individual note of their own.

No less appreciative of sunshine than the dancers of the Arab couchee-couchee and of the hula-hula in the "Hawaiian Village" across the way, were the dark little men and women who strut about the "Streets of Mexico." Now at last the venders of Mexican sugar water and of guanabano juice found that there was some demand for their commodity, and for the first time since the opening of the show, the bull ring was thronged with people. As the white sunlight streamed into the little torrida the betinselled boleros of the toreadors shimmered in new splendor, and even the Greaser-hating bronco-busters and lariat-flingers from Texas managed to look less sheepish in their Mexican togs.

Most fittingly was the advent of fair weather celebrated in the Stadium. But a few days before this vast arena for outdoor games had lain a mere waste of upturned sod and mud. Now a great green oval of turf lay enframed within the cinder running track and sprinting stretch. A thousand fluttering flags and the brazen clangor of three military bands of music welcomed the contestants in the long-looked-for Pan-American games of all the colleges. The tiers of seats, which rise row upon row as in the Coliseum of Rome, were thronged with an eager crowd of gayly bedecked college men and women who had come to cheer their Alma Mater on to victory. Not since the revival of the great Olympian games in Athens have athletes had a chance to strive for their bays in so superb a setting. No wonder Duffy of Georgetown, Gallagher of Cornell, and all the other famous athletes of the various colleges and universities of the land, were in a mood for lowering world's records, despite the soggy track.

The impression which is apt to remain longest in the memory of visitors is the nightly illumination of all the Exposition buildings from the tall Electric Tower, with its cascades and fountains, down to the little Venetian bridges that span the grottoes at the other extremity of the grounds. This is indeed a sight worth remembering, as of a fairy city, or resplendent mirage sprung up out of the desert at the wave of some wizard's wand.

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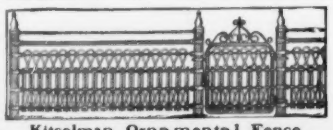

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SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR
EDITED BY
WALTER CAMP

THE STADIUM, SEATING TWELVE THOUSAND PEOPLE

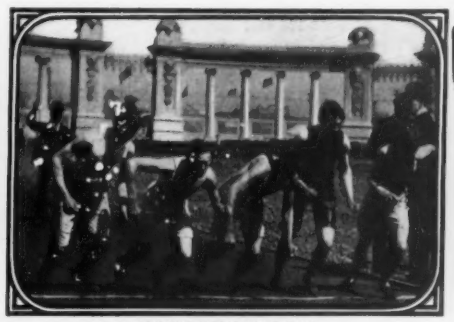
DUFFY OF GEORGETOWN WINS THE 100-YARD DASH; TIME 10 SECONDS. DEEVERS, OF WESTMINSTER, SECOND; YOUNG, OF CORNELL, THIRD

BECK OF YALE WINNING THE SHOT-PUT—43 FEET 2 INCHES

PAN-AMERICAN SPORTS IN THE STADIUM

ALREADY the big Stadium at Buffalo has had its initial contests. The long-continued rain of the spring had made it seem almost impossible to get the ground into anything like shape, but the energetic efforts of the Committee made the track serviceable, although not especially fast. It promises to improve in this respect as the season goes on. In the Intercollegiate contests which practically opened the track, that little marvel from Georgetown, Duffy, won the 100 in even time, although perceptibly making an effort to do this. Endsley of Purdue secured the pole vault with 11 feet, Merrill of Beloit the 220 in 22⅞ seconds. W. A. Maloney of Chicago took the quarter-mile in 50¾ seconds, with Holland, the winner at the Intercollegiates, second. Berry of Cornell secured the mile in 4 minutes 29⅞ seconds. Maloney of Chicago the hurdles—the high in 15¼ seconds, the low in 25⅞ seconds. That handsome Hercules, Hare of the University of Pennsylvania, took the hammer with 132 feet 10 inches, and Beck of Yale the shot with 43 feet 2 inches. Cornell led with 26 points, Chicago second with 17, Georgetown and Pennsylvania tied with 9.

MERRILL MALONEY HOLLAND
START OF THE 440-YARD RACE



START OF THE MILE RUN

FREDERICK OF CORNELL TYING FOR FIRST PLACE IN POLE-VAULT—11 FEET

There were many interested spectators, but the Stadium was by no means filled. The view from all points is excellent, and there promises to be a much larger attendance at the A.A.U. meeting, which will take place while this is on the press.

"SHAMROCK II."
(SEE PAGE 10)

Since the accident to *Shamrock II.*, followed by the disastrous break in *Constitution's* mast, and, still more recently, the failure of *Independence's* steering gear, the general public is completely at sea as to what the yachting situation will develop.

While no one is positive at the present writing whether the Boston boat will have a chance in the trial races, and while the accident to *Constitution* shook what had been, up to that date, a feeling of absolute security, no one on this side the water is able to make any definite predictions regarding what Sir Thomas Lipton's new *Shamrock* will prove to be. It is well remembered that in her first trial spin with *Shamrock I.* on the Solent her lack of speed was such as to send all her English backers into a fit of the blues, and, as they were just getting their courage up again, the accident which delayed the real races followed, and took away the little eddies of hope that were gathering once more.

But it is not safe to argue from her early performances that she will not prove a better boat than the last challenger; and, with the accidents that have happened on this side the water, there is certainly no reason for the Englishmen to feel that the challenger will prove in the end unseaworthy. Mr. David Barrie, the representative of Sir Thomas Lipton in this country, is quite confident that when *Shamrock II.* arrives here she will prove to be a dangerous boat. Her builders, Denny Brothers of Dumbarton, are known to be reliable, careful men, and the injuries she received proved far less serious than was at first supposed. *Shamrock II.* has a long, low counter, and her lines run away finely. The bow is shortened by a sharp curve at the deck line, and then her lines run straight down to a point just abaft the mast, from whence there is a sharp turn to the keel. She has the appearance of being quite full at the midship section, her greatest beam just at the mast step, and from that point the run aft is clean. The full quarters of the first *Shamrock* have disappeared, the new *Shamrock* resembling far more our *Columbia*, but with slightly fuller bilges. Her sail spread is likely to be close to 14,000 square feet, and she will probably carry a mast and boom of hollow steel spars in spite of the prejudice which seems to be forming once more for the old wooden mast. Her hull is of bronze on nickel steel frames. Her mast will be close to 148 feet from deck to truck, and from the tip of the bowsprit to the end of the boom will be approximately 185 feet.

Two years ago, when the old *Shamrock* came over, there was very little uneasiness among American yachtsmen as to the final issue of the contest for the Cup. That season's yachting convinced every one here that whatever Sir Thomas Lipton might bring over it would be the best he could produce, and, above all, he would sail in a sportsmanlike manner, and if his boat were not as good as the American one he would take his beating in good fashion. This year they know the same conditions prevail, but they know also that Lipton and his lieutenants who studied the last races here have made a big advance in discarding some of their prejudices and that America's real chance lies in the improvement that can be shown in the new defender over the old. It may be that the Englishmen will not profit enough to more than reach the standard of the old *Columbia*, but that the new *Shamrock* will be capable of defeating *Shamrock I.* those on this side the water can set down as a foregone conclusion.

GOLF OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP, GREAT BRITAIN

All golfers in this country were interested in the open golf championship of Great Britain, which was recently won by James Braid with a score of 309 to Harry Vardon's 312, Taylor coming in third with 315, and Hilton, the amateur, fourth with 320. Although it was not expected that Braid would win, his recent match at Seaford, in which Vardon only beat him by 2 up and 1 to play, gave every one warning that he would be well up in the flight. This is Braid's first victory, although he has been well placed ever since 1894. He is the resident professional at Romford, and a man noted, as have been several of his fellow townsmen of Earls Ferry, for their long game both with the wooden club and the cleek.

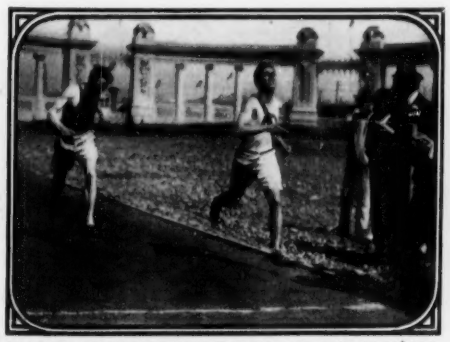
INTERNATIONAL TENNIS

Secretary Presbrey of the United States Lawn Tennis Association announces the acceptance by the English committee of the dates for the International matches this summer for the Davis Challenge Cup. The play will be on the grounds of the St. George's Cricket Club of Hoboken, during the week of July 29, and probably on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of that week.

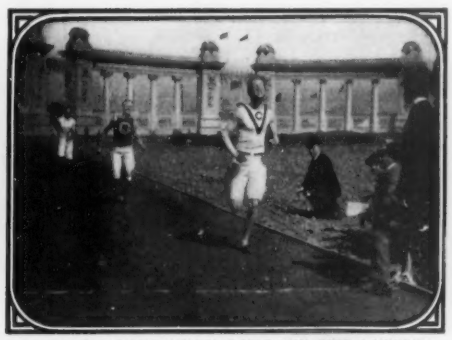
ATHLETIC BREAK-DOWNS

The track athletic season of 1901 has led to some rather extraordinary conclusions. Why should the captains and best men of teams like those of Yale and Harvard break down? Is there a good reason for this, or are we taking men too rapidly over the line which separates sane athletics from folly? What does such a list as the following mean?

Fincke, captain of the Yale team and hurdler, strained a tendon and was unable to compete in either the Yale-Harvard



MALONEY OF CHICAGO WINS THE 440-YARD RACE IN 50¾ SEC. HOLLAND SECOND



BERRY OF CORNELL WINS THE MILE RUN; TIME 4 MINUTES 29⅞ SECONDS

DEAKIN OF PENNSYLVANIA SECURING THIRD PLACE IN THE POLE VAULT

THE INTERCOLLEGIATE GAMES AT THE OPENING OF THE PAN-AMERICAN SPORTS AT BUFFALO

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or the Intercollegiates. Hallowell, the captain of the Harvard team, was laid off quite a part of the season and was never within hailing distance of his form of previous years. Haigh, another Harvard sprinter, who was looked upon as a phenomenon last year, practically retrograded this year. Boardman, the fastest man at Yale and probably at any university now in the 440 and 220, strained a tendon and was unable to represent his university in either the dual games or the Intercollegiates. Hargrave, the Yale sprinter, broke down in the trials at the Intercollegiates and was unplaced, although he was unquestionably a remarkable man at the 220. Prinstein, the Syracuse broad jumper, with a record of 24 feet 7¼ inches, failed to qualify in the trials of the Intercollegiates and was over three feet behind his mark.

HAMMER ACCIDENTS

Another thing for those interested in field and track athletics to consider is the already more than marked danger from accidents in the hammer throwing. Not accidents to the thrower, but accidents to the assistants, or contestants, or spectators. Three men this year have been seriously injured by being hit with the hammer. In the Intercollegiates a half dozen years ago a man was hit with the hammer and killed. This year at the Intercollegiates a hammer was twice thrown on to the track while a distance race was in progress, and had the throw been a few seconds later the hammer would have gone into the midst of the runners. To be struck by a 16-pound weight when it has been thrown 125 feet or so means a serious, if not a fatal, injury; and those who handle this part of the athletic interest should devise rules that will guard against accidents.

THE MAN ON HORSEBACK

It is the fashion for the rich man to endow a new college or to establish a library. In this way he may hope to perpetuate his memory—and even mushroom colleges do some good. While we cannot hope to help the hardened old sinner mend his ways, we can give the next generation a better start and better equipment, mentally, morally, and physically. But with all the colleges devoted to different ends, there remains an opening that, up to this year, no one has noted—a place for outdoor education in its pristine vigor; a college where a man should learn all the lessons of the scout and the rough riders of the present day; a school to turn out Baden-Powells, Theodore Roosevelts, and Buffalo Bills. Such an institution has been established in the Cody Military College, located in the Big Horn basin of Wyoming, where for a very reasonable sum a man may learn not only how to dream dreams of heroism but make himself practically competent to perform the feats. The "Man on Horseback" has come to be our most prominent figure, and here any one may learn the efficient work of the modern cavalry as developed in recent campaigns. Besides this they may have competent instruction in all college branches or be especially coached for examinations. There is no age limit for candidates, and, to make matters still more interesting, it is possible for a man to take the first session (three months) for $250; the second session (three months), $110; the third session (three months), $110; and the fourth session (three months), $80. One of the chief advantages of the establishment is that it appeals to the young man who is looking for a chance to spend a summer vacation in the open and at a small cost. To such, this summer school, as it were, of outdoor life and roughing it offers the ideal way of putting in three months.

BLOODY MONDAYS

On the second Bloody Monday of the year at Cambridge the Freshman and Sophomore met on Soldiers' Field in a baseball game. Cannon crackers, revolvers, and huge balls of mud placed the pitchers and batters, as well as some of the other players, in great danger. Personalities were very freely indulged in, and, as a matter of fact, the game had to be called every few minutes to separate the contestants. Rust, a Freshman, and one of the track team, was hit in the neck by a cannon cracker and quite severely burned. It is said that the captains of the two teams had agreed before the contest to prohibit the firing of mud balls and cannon crackers, but if they did, their prohibition must have acted as an incentive. Alexander, the pitcher of the Freshman nine, stood the contest the best and pitched a good game while cannon crackers exploded beneath his feet and his uniform was covered with mud from head to foot.

Surely any one who watches these Freshman and Sophomore contests and the school of discipline, if it might be so called, through which the players go, becomes thoroughly convinced that any one thinking that an ordinary cheer in the confines of the remote grand stand has any effect to rattle one of the heroes of the Freshman-Sophomore contests must be worse than mad. But, as the gentleman said in the long-ago story, "It wasn't the butter he minded, it was the spirit of the old lady." So in the contests with other colleges it is not the noise and din, but the spirit of it which is objectionable, and tends to bad feeling and misunderstanding, and ought to be eliminated together with the undue shouting and commenting of the coaches technically known as "talking it up."

SHIFTING OARSMEN

The question which is exercising the minds of students of rowing in this country is whether the shifting about of men in their positions in the boat which has grown to be so much more common is improving our rowing or acting in the other direction. It certainly has a good effect in one way. If we can have enough men for candidates for the various crews, then the more they are shifted around the more general will be the knowledge of the art of rowing, and we shall not find so many men who can only row either the port or starboard oar, and cannot be changed without consulting all the other men. On the other hand, so far as it affects the speed of crews for the annual race, I am inclined to think that the shifting has gone altogether too far. Courtney at Cornell does it as a means of discipline, evidently. At Harvard it is more a matter of experiment, and of late has been a long search for a suitable stroke. At Yale and Pennsylvania it seems to be a desire to get the boats properly balanced and the power well distributed on both sides. But with our present experience in rowing it is certainly necessary for most of our college crews to row steadily together without serious shake-ups for a few weeks previous to the main race, or else make, at some point in the race, a poor exhibition of themselves.

MIDDLE WEST TRACK ATHLETICS

Track athletics in the Middle West have been in a sadly tangled condition since last summer, but this season has brought them out of many of their troubles. The management of the annual intercollegiate track meet has been the bone of contention between two rival elements—the college athletic directors and the graduate executive committee of the Western Intercollegiate Athletic Association.

The association has for several years included a score of smaller colleges in addition to the large universities, and naturally the smaller colleges had a good deal to say in the conduct of track affairs. This was not always satisfactory to the larger institutions and much friction ensued. The smaller fry generally managed, through one or two stars, to capture a few points at the big meets—just enough to lose the championship to one or another of the big universities. Last year, for instance, Michigan carried off the laurels, defeating Chicago and California by one point. In a couple of events where Michigan was weak, the two latter universities lost points to small colleges. Michigan would probably have landed in third place had the small colleges not been in the contests.

On January 25, the representatives of the Western Intercollegiate Athletic Association met in Chicago. The directors of nine large colleges and universities first held a meeting and announced that they would assume charge of the annual meet this year, and also of those to be held in the future. They disclaimed any intention, however, of shutting out the small colleges. Their action was not very suitable to an association, but inasmuch as they represented the influential institutions a majority of the W. I. A. A. decided that it would be better to disband the organization and allow the "big nine" to take control peacefully. This action was opposed by the small colleges when they heard of it, but the opposition only served to delay matters for a time.

Another meeting was then held by representatives of the larger colleges and a new organization was effected. This was called the Intercollegiate Conference Athletic Association. A constitution somewhat similar to that of the W. I. A. A. was adopted, with the exception of admission of members. The smaller colleges could only be admitted by the vote of those constituting the present association. The universities represented in the Intercollegiate Conference Athletic Association were Chicago, Michigan, Wisconsin, Beloit, Iowa, Northwestern, Minnesota, Illinois, and Indiana.

The track athletes at all the Middle-West colleges have been hard at work all winter training for the spring and summer meets. Every college has held a series of indoor meets, or sent men to participate in others. Chicago and Michigan met in Chicago on February 20 for the first indoor contest of any note. March 2 Chicago was represented by its track team at the Amateur Athletic Union meet at Milwaukee. March 9 Chicago participated in a meet with Notre Dame and the University of Illinois at Notre Dame. This meet was held in the new gymnasium at the Indiana college, one of the largest and finest appointed buildings in the West. A week after the Notre Dame contests the Chicago team again met Michigan, this time at Ann Arbor. Michigan carried off the honors, winning first and second in every event and piling up a score of 55 points against Chicago's 17. At this meet Captain Howard Hayes of Michigan defeated Maloney of Chicago in the half-mile run, and at the same time broke the indoor American record. His time was 2.03 flat. The June meeting wound up the season. WALTER CAMP.

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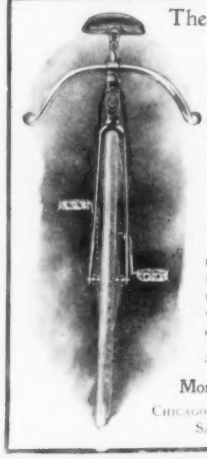

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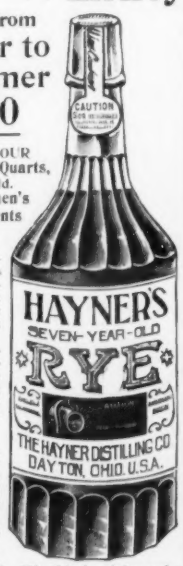

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THE DESPATCHER'S STORY

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 9)

ed"—the words dropped painfully slow—"that my hands might not be stained with blood." Sweat oozed from the wretched man's forehead like dew. Every word wrung its bead of agony. "I was answered," he exclaimed with a strange confidence, "I was answered. There will be no wreck. I cannot see what will happen. I do not know what; but there will be no wreck. Believe me or not—it is so."

His steadfast manner staggered the Superintendent. I could imagine what he was debating as he looked at Blackburn—wondering, maybe, whether the man's mind was already gone. But Bucks was staggered; he looked it, and as he collected himself to speak again the hall door opened like an uncanny thing, and we all started as Callahan burst in on us.

"What's so?" he echoed. "What's up here? What did it mean, Blackburn? There's been trouble, hasn't there? What's a matter with you all? Bucks? Is everybody struck dumb?"

Bucks spoke first. "There's a lap order out on One and the theatrical Special, Callahan. We don't know what's happened," said Bucks sullenly. "Blackburn here has gone crazy—or he knows—somehow—there won't be any wreck," added the Superintendent slowly and bewilderedly. "It's between O'Fallon's and Salt Rocks somewhere. Callahan, take the key," he cried of a sudden. "There's a call now. Despatcher! Don't speak; ask no questions. Get that message," he exclaimed sharply, pointing to the instrument. "It may be news."

And it was news—news, indeed; strange news to our ears. News from Ames Station reporting the Irving Special *in* at 1.52 A.M.—out at 1.54! We all heard it together, or it might not have been believed. The Irving Special, eastbound, safely past Number One, westbound, on a single track when their meeting orders had lapped! Past without a word of danger or of accident, or even that they had seen Number One and stopped in time to avoid a collision? Exactly; not a word; nothing. In at 52; out at 54. And the actors hard asleep in their berths—and on about its business the Irving Special—that's what we got from Ames.

Callahan looked around at us. "Gentlemen, what does this mean? Somebody here is insane. I don't know whether it's me or you, Blackburn. Are you horsing me?" he exclaimed, raising his voice angrily. "If you are, I want to say I consider it a damned shabby joke."

Bucks put up a hand to calm him, and without a word of comment repeated Blackburn's story just as the despatcher had told it. "In any event there's nothing to do now; it's on us or we're past it. Let us wait for Number One to report."

Callahan pored over the order book. "Maybe," he asked after a while, "didn't you send the orders right and copy them wrong in the book, Blackburn?"

The despatcher shook his head. "They went as they stand. The orders lapped, Callahan. But there will be no wreck. Wait till we hear from Number One. I feel sure she is safe. Why? I've told you why. Wait."

Bucks was pacing the floor. Callahan stuck silent to the key, taking what little work came, for I saw neither of the chiefs wanted to trust Blackburn at the key. He sat, for the most part, looking vacantly into the fire, brooding. Callahan meantime had the orders repeated back from Ames and Rosebud. It was as Blackburn had said; they did lap; they had been sent just as the order book showed. There was nothing for it but to wait for Rosebud to hear from Number One. When the night operator there called the despatcher again it brought Blackburn out of his gloom like a thunderclap.

"Give me the key!" he exclaimed. "There is Rosebud." Callahan pushed back and Blackburn, dropping into the chair, took the message from the night operator at Rosebud.

"Number One, in, 2.03 A.M."

Blackburn answered him and, strangely, with all the easy confidence of his ordinary sending. He sat and took and sent like one master of the situation again.

"Ask Engineer Sampson to come to the wire," he said to Rosebud. Sampson—not Major, but his brother Arnold—was pulling Number One that night.

"Engineer Sampson here, waiting," came from Rosebud presently.

"Ask Sampson where he met Special 202 to-night."

We waited, wrought up, for in that reply must come the answer to all the mystery. There was a hitch at the other end of the wire, then Rosebud answered:

"Sampson says he will tell you all about it in the morning."

"That will not do," tapped the despatcher. "This is Blackburn. Superintendent Bucks and Callahan are here. They want the facts. Where did you meet the Special 202?"

There was another wearing delay. When the answer came it was slowly, at the engineer's dictation.

"My orders were to hold at O'Fallon's for Special 202," clicked the sounder, repeating the engineer's halting statement. "When we cleared Salt Rocks siding and got down among the Quakers, I was cutting along pretty hard to make the cañon when I saw, or thought I saw, a headlight flash between the buttes across the river. It started me, for I knew the 202 Special could not be very far west of us. Anyway, I made a quick stop, and reversed and backed tight as I could make it for Salt Rocks siding. Before we had got a mile I saw the headlight again, and I knew the 202 was against our order. We got into the clear just as the Special went by humming. Nobody but our train crew and my fireman knows anything about this."

The three men in front of me made no comment as they looked at each other. How was it possible for one train to have seen the headlight of another among the buttes of the Peace River country?

It was—possible. Just possible. But to figure once in how many times a vista would have opened for a single second so one engineer could see the light of another would stagger a multiplying machine. Chance? Well, yes, perhaps. But there were no suggestions of that nature that night under the despatcher's lamp at the Wickiup, with the storm driving down the pass as it drove that night; and yet at Peace River, where the clouds never rested, that night was clear. Blackburn, getting up, steadied himself on his feet.

"Go in there and lie down," said Callahan to him, low. "You're used up, old fellow, I can see that. I'll take the key. Don't say a word; not a word."

"Not a word, Blackburn," put in Bucks, resting his big hand on the despatcher's shoulder. "There's no harm done; nobody knows it. Bury the thing right here to-night. You're broke up. Go in there and lie down."

He took both their hands and started to speak, but they pushed him into Callahan's room; they didn't want to hear anything.

All the night it stormed on the Wickiup. In the morning the Irving Special, flying toward Chicago, was far down the Platte. Number One was steaming west, deep in the heart of the Rockies; but Blackburn still lay in Callahan's room. It was nine o'clock, and the sun was streaming through the east windows when Fred Norman opened the office door. Fred could do those things even when he was sickest. Have a hemorrhage one day, scare everybody to death, and go back to his trick the next. He asked right away for Kit, as he called Blackburn, and when they pointed to Callahan's door Fred pushed it open and went in. A cry brought the operators to him. Blackburn was stretched half on the floor on his knees, half lying face downward on the sofa. His head had fallen between his arms, which were stretched above it. In his hands, clasped very tight, they found his watch with the picture of his wife and his baby. Had he asked, when he first went into that room that night—when he wrestled like Jacob of old in his agony of prayer—that his life be taken if only their lives, the lives of those in his keeping, might be spared? I do not know. They found him dead.

THE END

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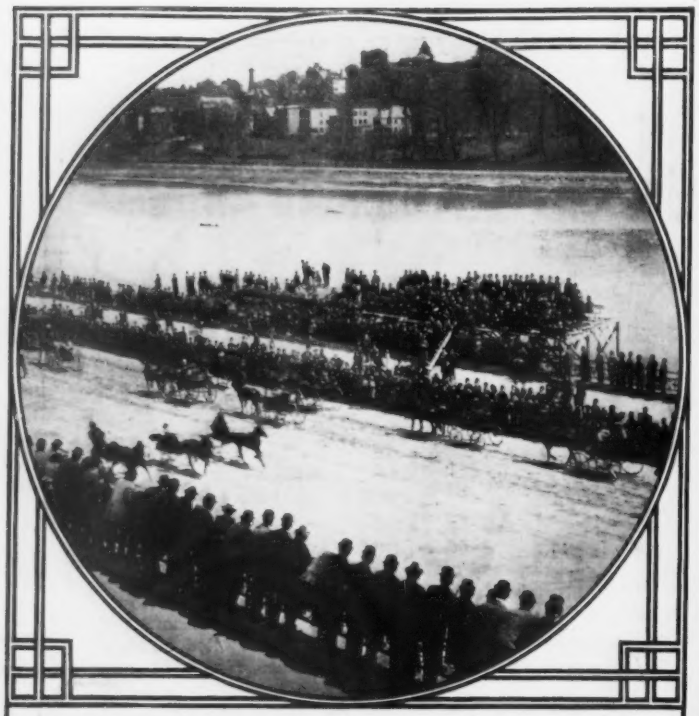

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SURPLUS,	3,543,126.81
Paid to Policy-holders since 1864,	42,643,384.92
Paid to Policy-holders in 1900,	2,908,464.03
Loaned to Policy-holders on Policies (Life),	1,586,632.30
Life Insurance in Force,	109,019,851.00

GAINS FOR THE YEAR 1900:

IN ASSETS,	$3,167,819.98
IN INSURANCE IN FORCE (Life Department Only),	8,685,297.06
INCREASE IN RESERVES (Both Departments), (3½% basis),	2,484,392.52
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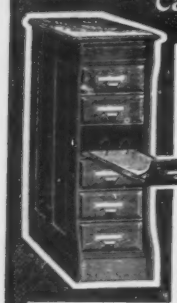

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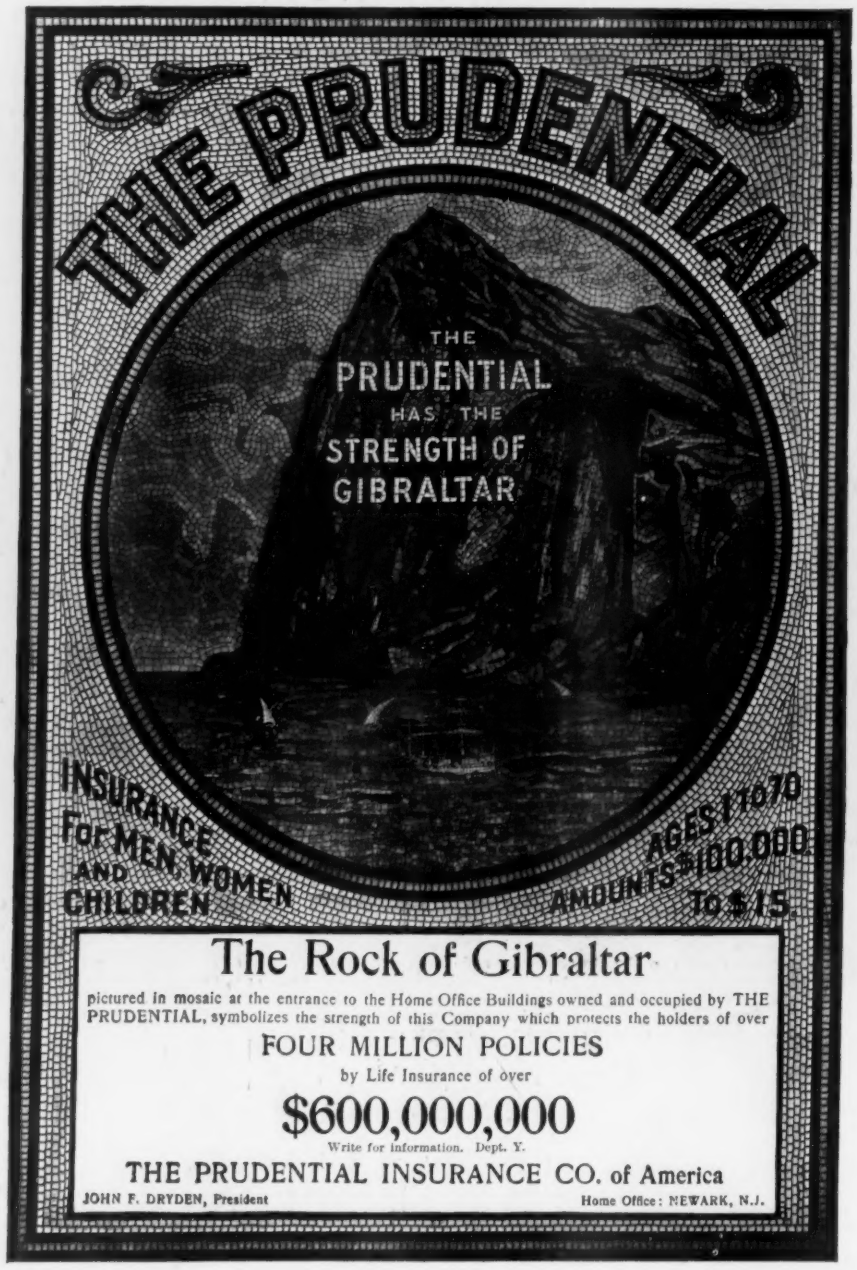

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